MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

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Editorial.

SHEEP IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The assessors' returns show that the number of sheep in the State the first of last May was 61,947, or 833 less than the first of May 1883, and 107,566 less than the first of May, 1864. It is very evident that the farmers of Massachusetts are abandoning sheep husbandry. The question arises, Why is this important product of the farm permitted to thus decline? It is said by some writers, who pretend to be farmers, that it is because of the low price of wool. This we do not believe, because the information which we have gathered fresh from the farmers who formerly kept sheep, proves that the want of proper protection from dogs has been almost the entire cause of the abandonment of sheep husbandry. During the past three years it has been our good fortune to meet face to face a very large number of the farmers of the State, and in our intercourse with them we have made it a point to enquire why they have abandoned keeping sheep. The answer has been almost universal, that the dogs got among their sheep, and what they did not kill outright they frightened so they could not be kept in the pasture, and so they were sold to the butcher; others would say, after losing some by the dogs they drove them home nights and yarded them; this they found to be too much trouble, and did not always save them, the dogs sometimes killing them in the daytime. One farmer said he did not like to give up keeping sheep, and so resolved to buy new flocks as often as the old one was killed or demoralised by dogs, but after having lost three flocks of thirty each in as many years, the horrible appearance and the dying agonies of the murdered sheep and lambs were so constantly before him that he felt obliged to give up the business, though by so doing he lost the use of a good pasture.

Those who have given this subject careful attention, free from prejudice, are satisfied that the dogs will drive the sheep out of existence, unless there is some law enacted by which the numerous class of worthless dogs shall be restrained. It would seem as though a law might be passed to apply only in towns where it is desired to keep sheep, compelling owners of dogs to confine them on their own premises, the same as is now required of other animals, including hens. It certainly would be no greater hardship to compel the yarding of dogs, than it is to be compelled to yard hens; certainly the hens will not bear confinement so well as a dog, and the expense of building a yard to let the hens run in, is much more than it would be to build a yard to confine a dog, especially when the hen yard has to be built strong enough to keep all of the dogs of the neighborhood out.

So great has the nuisance become of having dogs run at large, that we have no doubt if a law should be passed giving non dog owners the right to yard all of the dogs at their own expense, it would not be a year before every dog in the State would be yarded.

HAULING MUCK IN WINTER.

When it is found desirable to dig out muck from that portion of a meadow which is away from the hard land, it is difficult to get it home except when the ground is frozen hard enough to bear up the horse. As the muck eventually freezes quite deep and hard, if not quite dry, it is best to improve the earliest opportunity to get home a supply for the coming year; if left until towards spring it is much more difficult to load it. Some meadows are dry enough so the muck can be dug out in the winter; when such is the case it enables the farmer to do this work at a season when he is comparatively at leisure; but as a rule muck must be dug in the early autumn when the springs and streams are low; at such times some meadows are hard enough to cart over, so the muck can at once be carted to hard land as soon as it is dug out; but when a meadow is some distance from home it is best to let the muck remain near the meadow until it becomes comparatively dry, it is then much lighter to remove, and if quite dry can be easily loaded in the coldest weather.

While it seems to be a well settled fact that it will not pay to haul large quantities of wet green muck even a short distance, to put in the barn cellar; it seems to be equally a well settled fact that it will pay to haul fine dry muck several miles in sufficient quantities to absorb the liquids of the barn.

A farm that is not well supplied with muck is deficient in one important element; this should always be considered when a farm is to be purchased. The quantity of muck that is to be used must depend on the quality of it, the ease with which it can be obtained, together with the character of the soil to which the manure is to be applied. Muck that is two years old which will become very fine on drying, may be used very liberally on dry, sandy land, but on a heavy wet soil only just enough should be used to absorb the liquids. One cord of muck every year for each horse and horned animal would be a very liberal supply, and perhaps quite as much as would be profitable even on a farm of light land; if more is to be used on such land it would be better economy to haul it directly on the land during the winter and in the spring plough it under, and thus mix it directly with the soil; but muck thus applied should be dug out several seasons before using, thus freeing it from undesirable acids.

"THE AFTERMATH."

THE THIRD AND CLOSING

DISCUSSION

ON

"THE HAY CROP."

AT A

MEETING OF FARMERS

At the Hall of the New England Agricultural Society, Boston, Saturday, January 3, 1885.

BENJAMIN P. WARE, President of the Essex County Agricultural Society, Presides.

Addresses by Charles J. Peabody, Elbridge Cushman, Geo. M. Baker, Andrew H. Ward, Charles W. Cushing, and others.

Phonographically Reported expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

The regular Saturday meeting of Farmers at the Hall of the New England Agricultural Society, *Ploughman* Building, 45 Milk street, Boston, was held on Jan. 3d inst, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon. Benjamin P. Ware having been specially called to preside, spoke as follows:—Will gentlemen come this way and take seats. Let us come to order. It is understood that this is a continuation of the discussion of the hay crop that has been the subject for two weeks previously. We should like to call your attention to another portion of the hay crop that has not been mentioned at all and hardly ever comes up for discussion. Now we have in Massachusetts thousands of acres of salt marsh bordering all the way along the shore from New Hampshire away around the Cape, producing several kinds of grass that are very valuable. I think that the best quality of these marshes is valued at about $60 an acre and they will produce more than a ton to the acre, the better portions, I mean, and that is more than the average of the cultivated grasses on high land, and the grass grows without any expense whatever except that of harvesting. Nature provides all the fertilization necessary, and they are a very valuable accession to the products of Massachusetts. Then, again, we have in various parts of the State fresh water streams which have along their borders in many places what we call fresh meadows, which yield large crops of a very excellent quality of hay. Those lands are valued at about $30 an acre. The better portions, many of them, are yielding more than a ton to the acre. The quality of this for feeding purposes has been proved to be equal to that of English hay for the production of milk. These salt marsh grasses, black grass, will produce as much milk as good English hay, if there is a good season and the grass is cured properly. We have large portions of the State producing immense quantities of grass. People who ride on the railroad along the shore will see stacks of hay, thousands of them, on the marshes, each containing from ten to ten tons. So that this product of the salt marshes should be brought into this discussion.

Now we have with us to-day one of our young Essex County farmers, who is a practical working farmer. He has some very good ideas concerning the hay crop. He is with us, prepared to give the results of his observation, which will be very valuable.

Col. NEEDHAM—Before we hear the address I would like to ask whether the statistics which have been gathered in regard to the agricultural products of Massachusetts include this salt marsh grass at all.

Mr. WARE—If they do, I did not know it.

Mr. HERSEY—They do not, Mr. President.

Mr. WARE—Mr. Hersey is our statistician and knows all about it. I should like to say a word about salt hay. It has been analyzed at the Agricultural College and the analysis shows that it has as valuable qualities of the fat-producing nature as English hay. I have not the analysis with me, but in that particular it equals English hay.

Mr. HERSEY—By the statistics of Massachusetts gathered in 1875, the amount of salt hay grown in the State in the year 1874 was 22,568 tons; this was grown on 23,019 acres of land. Essex County produced the most, half of all of the salt hay grown in the State. Of other kinds of hay produced in the State there was of millet, 2418 tons, produced on 1619 acres; of rowen, 3445 tons on 2809 acres; meadow hay, 116,211 tons on 130,792 acres; English hay, 626,490 tons on 809,294 acres, making a grand total of all kinds of hay of 671,140 tons on 698,183 acres, which is an average of a fraction over one ton to the acre. Last year the estimate is that there were in the state 670,000 acres in mowing, producing 737,000 tons, or 1100 pounds to the acre.

Mr. WARE—I will now introduce to you Mr. Charles J. Peabody of Topsfield.

Address of Charles J. Peabody of Topsfield, Mass.

Mr. President and Gentlemen:—This paper is compiled with reference to Essex County mainly, with which I have had most experience, and where I have made my observations. [Mr. Peabody then read the following paper.] "In the consideration of the subject of the 'Hay Crop' we find that we are called rather to assist the operations of nature in the production of her favorite plant, than to give a new direction to her energy by the introduction of a new seed, as is the case when we raise a crop of corn, for example. In this latter, grass may be called a spasmodic crop production, covering with its green mantle the hill and valley, the open spaces of the woodland, and the low lying meadows of the sea. Hence, to produce it to the best advantage we have but to consider the conditions under which it attains its greatest luxuriances and imitate or improve upon them as the case may be. We notice that a moist, rich spot in some natural meadow or pasture produces a larger growth of grass than the average of the lot. On investigation we find that the favored location receives the wash from other parts of the pasture and thirsty land without expense; or it may be that the surface water from the highway flows over the land, bringing with it elements of fertility from the droppings of animals passing along the road. In either case the lesson taught is the same, namely, that moisture and manure are essential to the best development of the crop we have under consideration. This latter will be considered and applied more fully further on in the essay.

The Standard Grass.

Another hint to be gained from the examination of the localities above referred to, is that while the sod may contain many varieties of grass, two or three are so manifestly superior to the rest in vigor, size or value for feeding purposes, that we can one attempt to sow grass seed for a crop of hay he will confine his selection to the best kinds, as is practically done by our farmers when we select herdsgrass, red top and red clover, as the standard grasses to produce for our home use and for the market.

I believe the above named varieties are all that are cultivated, that is, they are no much better than any others that we do well to let the rest alone.

Orchard Grass and Alsike Clover.

A few years ago Mr. Flint, in an address before an Institute of the Essex Society at Salem, from his position as Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, recommended Orchard Grass and Alsike Clover as preferable to other grasses, because they made a rapid growth, could be cut three times in a season, thus giving a larger return per acre, and were not liable to burn out in a dry season as herdsgrass sometimes does. He gave such glowing accounts of the advantages of these grasses that I was interested to try them. I took a quarter of an acre of good land that had been planted for two years, and was rich and as well adapted to grass as any on my farm. I sowed the quantity recommended and as stated the result with interest. The grass came up all ready to grow as fast as the Secretary said it ought, and by the tenth of June was ready to cut, being in blossom; showery weather delayed the cutting till the 16th, when it was in first full bloom, and with its purple tops waving in the wind, was so attractive in appearance that my neighbors came to see the new crop, and a few stalks were carried home as a curiosity; it was over four feet tall, and standing looked far superior to the quarter of an acre of herdsgrass and red top mower sowed right beside it for comparison. The first crop was got in good order and put on a scaffold by itself. The latter part of July another crop was cut and put with the first; and in September the third cutting was made, the total weight of the three cuttings being at the rate of 2250 lbs per acre. The adjoining lot of herdsgrass and clover yielded at two cuttings at the rate of 4500 lbs per acre. The second year the result was more marked, the Orchard Grass failing to 3000 lbs per acre, and the herdsgrass going up 2½ tons per acre at the three and two cuttings respectively. The trouble with orchard grass is, that it is too thin in its growth, more like 176 than grass; it is also very light in proportion to its bulk and in no way equal under the same conditions, to our old favorite. It is said that on light land where herdsgrass will not thrive orchard grass will give satisfactory results.

In my judgment red top is the best for such locations. The Alsike clover is a weak plant, with few leaves, and a provokingly indifferent habit of not seeming to care whether it lives or dies.

Kentucky Blue Grass.

Kentucky blue grass has been recommended in the agricultural papers for seeding land for grazing purposes. We have all read of the wonderful pastures it makes in its native State, and know something of its value there in producing fine cattle and horses. Having a reclaimed meadow that I wished to seed down for pasture rather than mowing, I took some pains to get the blue grass seed for the purpose. It came up well with the winter rye and I hoped it would do well, but although protected by the grain, it winter-killed completely, not a plant showing itself the next season; I fall back on to red top and clover—both red and white—and concluded that Southern plants, were best admired at a distance.

Best Way to Prepare the Land.

Having thus spoken of varieties of grass, and concluded that for our locality there is nothing new that we can produce to advantage, let us consider the best way to prepare the land and raise a crop of hay. I give the best way that is practiced for me, expecting that other men will adopt it to their need by changing some parts of it as circumstances require. My principal hoed crop is corn, and I wish grass to follow, either directly or with an intervening crop of barley. If grass is to follow directly as soon as the corn is off the ground, usually the last of October, I split the hills, harrow smooth, spread on a good cost of manure, plough it in about four or five inches deep, harrow twice with an iron-tooth harrow, then go over the ground with a brush harrow, enough to make it smooth. In using my harrow it is well to remember the old Dutch farmer's advice to his son: "Hans, you harrow the land till it looks smooth, and then keep on till you think it is done enough; after that go over it once more and it will do pretty well." Next pick off the stones, loose corn butts, etc., then let it lay till the last of November, so late that there is no possibility of the seed germinating till spring; then sow to seed, 1 peck of herdsgrass and half a bushel of red top, if you like the mixture; brush it well, roll lightly, and the next season you will get a crop that will please you.

Best Time to Seed Down.

If I wish to raise barley after the corn, I plough the land and let it lay till spring, put on the manure in the winter, or early spring; sow the barley and seed down in the usual way. After it is spread on manure again, plough in and sow the grass late as after corn.

I know many men and books say sow in August, I cannot see why we are in the habit of haying in the river meadows and on the Ipswich marshes then; dull days we want to pull weeds and look after odd jobs that get put by in good weather.

The first or September sowing is the season to dig and the second crop to cut; after that, if we sow, the grass winter kills. Hence the way I give is best for me; you can determine its value on your own premises.

I advise to try any new plan with caution, whether you sow grass at an unusual time, or raise some new kind of grain. Apply not more than a quarter of an acre first, then if it does well, go on.

A friend said to me after the subject of this discussion was announced, "I want you to tell us how to raise grass on *light* land; grass will grow itself on rich low land."

How to Raise Grass on Light Land.

The question is an important one, as many are situated on land not naturally well adapted to the production of this important crop. In trying to answer it, I cannot speak from actual experience, not having worked land of that kind. I can say something from observation of others efforts and draw some deductions from the interesting series of experiments carried on at an English Experiment Station to determine the best way of enriching different soils and fitting them to produce those crops. The light soil of this section are of different composition varying in the amount of sand and gravel they contain, some being level like the plains on the Society's farm at Framingham, while others have broken and covered with knolls of gravel or pebble stones; but all agree in having a porous soil, from which manure soon leaches out, the frost comes out early and the dry time in July quickly affects the growing crops. On such land corn gives good crops, but the grass that follows is light and uneven.

As the first step in the solution of our inquiry, we ask, "How is the corn raised?" usually by manuring in the hill; the source of the corn crop is largely then, immediately, under the roots of the plant. When the land is ploughed the manure left from the corn crop is distributed all through the soil and is not sufficient in quantity to nourish the grass roots. I saw a field the past season where the grass seed was sowed among the corn the year before, and on the hills the grass was good because well fed; between the rows it was short and thin because starved; the whole piece would not be classed as light land by any means. The suggestion of nature is, to apply the manure till the spaces *between* the hills are made fertile then grass will grow.

The objection at once arises, we have not enough manure to use so lavishly. Is it better to cut two tons on one acre or two? I say on one, for a field well laid down will produce about four tons per year, and if top-dressed the second year from the seeding will last two years longer; but if not well manured will require to be turned over to make mowable and all the hay crop will be less, the difference in many cases being enough to more than counterbalance the first cost.

The experiments in England to which I referred were made by preparing plots of ground to represent the different soils of the locality, the original ground being reduced to a depth of two feet, and the excavation filled with the soil from the field it was desired to test, care being taken to put each strata of soil in its new location as near as possible in the order it was found occupied. The beds were, I think, two rods long and one rod wide. They were classed as clay loam, sand loam, gravelly soil, sandy soil, and muck. Numerous experiments were made with them, with different manures and crops, the details of which it is needless to repeat. The conclusions reached were, 1st, That any given crop could only use a certain amount of nourishment, that could be supplied by manure then lost in soils having a porous subsoil, but independently retained by a clay subsoil. 2d, Also that to equalize the *crops* the sandy and gravelly soils required more manure, and more frequent applications of it than the soils classed as sand and clay loams, resting on hard pan. 3d, That it was possible, but not economical to produce perfect crops of any kind adapted to the climate in clear sand if moisture and suitable fertilisers were provided. 4th, That muck is not a soil by itself of value for growing plants even with manure added.

I think this summing up is so complete that further words of mine on this point are needless.

"What Profit is there in our Labor?"

Now we will suppose that we have a field properly prepared, carefully sowed; that with spring time the seed came up well, and now it is June and we ask the old question, "What profit in there in all our labor?" What is the amount of hay we may reasonably expect? Let us look at the statistics of the hay crop of different States. In Maine the yield per acre is 1920 lbs; New Hampshire, 2020 lbs; Vermont, 2120 lbs; Massachusetts, 2220 lbs; Rhode Island, 2200 lbs; Connecticut, 1920 lbs.

From these figures it appears that a little over a ton per acre is the average of the New England States. What are the farms in Essex County producing? Taken as a whole, I think very much below the average of the State. What are they capable of doing with the resources at our command?

In answering the question do not let us think of our favorite fields only, but of the whole area we can over. I think one ton and a half would be a good crop to average for five years.

We all know of fields that only carry large crops, three tons perhaps to the acre. I have always found, however, on investigation, something exceptional in the case; either the land had been used to raise onions for several years, or the owner was trying to see what he could do; or the land was so situated that just water enough was always present to force the crop, or some other reason exists to account for the great crop.

So then we will expect, on the new seeded land two tons per acre. Let us make ready for haying. I find it pays to take a day to get everything in order; look over all the haying tools beforehand; get such new ones as may be wanted; see if the mower and rake are in order; just try the machine a little as you can tell better about its work in five minutes when running than in half an hour looking it over in the barn. I find it wise always to keep one or two spare hand rakes and an extra pitching fork, and if haying far from the barn to see that they are taken to the field every day; then, if you are rushing work, with a thunderclout in the sky, and snap a rake or crack a fork handle, as I have sometimes done, catch another from the wagon (and go ahead); the having it with you will sometimes save a load from being wet.

Cutting and Curing.

Everything being prepared, how shall we cut and cure our grass. I like to mow after four o'clock, P.M., if we use a machine, and early in the morning if by hand; turn and tend well; cock up from two till four, and have all up before the dew falls; the second day spread so as to leave no bunches; most hired help will bear watching when spreading or turning hay. I had a man a few years ago who, after turning a forkful, would carefully put it down with the back of the fork, and another who thought when a crop was thrown about in four or five small heaps it was spread; look out for all things and you will feel best satisfied when the crop is in the barn.

Insect Enemies.

It now remains to speak of the insect enemies of grass; we are not troubled with the locust as yet in Essex County, but the cut or corn worm does a great amount of damage in some fields; the larva of the June beetle is destructive; for all these foes below the sod I know of no remedy but plowing and cultivation with hoed crops for a year or two.

Last May I had a new insect to deal with, namely, the meadow land to the amounts of named. On a part of a newly seeded field a top dressing of manure from the barn cellar was spread in March last; in May, about the 26th, a few small worms were noticed on the blades of grass; they rapidly increased in numbers for about ten days when the grass was covered with worms about ½ of an inch long with large bodies and dark heads; they eat the outside of a blade of grass just as a canker worm eats an apple leaf. About the 6th of June the worms began to change into beetles, blue and green in color with red heads and legs. These perfect insects fed a little as the potato beetles do and laid their eggs on the grass in clusters, in much the same way. The mature insect is not quite as large as a June beetle. They disappeared the whole surface over which the manure was spread, was as brown as a barley stubble. They eat out beyond the manure about four foot, the grass was killed and I sowed clover in hope to get a late crop. Can anyone say what the beetle was, whence it came, or if it has troubled others the past season? Another point on which I seek for light is, Does the present custom of selling milk impoverish our grass lands? It is a noticeable fact that our land requires more manure to produce the same amount of hay than it did 30 or more years ago. The farmers of Topsfield find that though they buy and feed more grain than was formerly their habit, the amount of hay does not increase. In my boyhood every farmer made butter and fed the skim milk at home. Are there elements of plant food in the milk that the land requires, that cannot be supplied in grain? Has some one in the audience the requisite knowledge to answer the question? Thus far we have confined our attention to English or upland *grasses*, but any discussion of the Hay crop in Essex county which left out our river and brook meadows and the marshes of our coast would be obviously incomplete.

Meadow Hay.

Not only do many farmers derive a goodly part of their income from the sale of hay cut on the meadows, but they look to them with confidence for the support of a large part of the cattle of the northern and central part of the county. Topsfield cuts 1000 tons of meadow hay, over half of which is used for fodder, and experiments show that cattle can be well and profitably kept upon it with a due allowance of grain. The beautiful meadows on the banks of the Ipswich river, in my native town, were probably the inducement to the first settlers to locate there, for they were, the historian tells us, bare of trees, and therefore ready to the hand of the settler, and were granted leave by the General Court to settle a village near Ipswich river and for several years the only settlement was on the river bank.

Tradition still points out the location of several of the ancient fords through the river of those early days, in drawing off the hay, and at one place the stepping stones put in the river for the convenience of workmen still remain. On them I have crossed the river and rejoiced that so wise a choice of a home was made by my ancestors.

Their sagacity to-day stands unquestioned, for one of our prominent townsmen says that were the whole offered a young man of ten acres of fielding in good order, or ten acres of good river meadow the latter would in a life time give the largest net income. Does this strike you as strange? Consider a moment, the meadow requires no cultivation, the annual overflow of the river carries exhaustless fertility to it, the hand of Nature scatters the seed from year to year. All we have to do is to take the hay and make it ready to his hand, as did his fathers before him and as shall his children after him. What wonder then that the New Meadows of long ago still the sholcest possession of many a farmer to day.

Nor are the grasses on the river bank the comparatively worthless varieties one would suppose were their knowledge derived from an examination of a fork full of bedding in the market.

The New meadow hay is of seldom value. The upland grasses thrive in many an acre and on one favored spot in a meadow in Topsfield, Herds grass has grown for so long that the frost comes out early and the dry time in July quickly affects the growing crops. On such land corn gives good crops, but the grass that follows is light and uneven.

As the first step in the solution of our inquiry, we ask, "How is the corn raised?" usually by manuring in the hill; the source of the corn crop is largely then, immediately, under the roots of the plant. When the land is ploughed the manure left from the corn crop is distributed all through the soil and is not sufficient in quantity to nourish the grass roots. I saw a field the past season where the grass seed was sowed among the corn the year before, and on the hills the grass was good because well fed; between the rows it was short and thin because starved; the whole piece would not be classed as light land by any means. The suggestion of nature is, to apply the manure till the spaces *between* the hills are made fertile then grass will grow.

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So then we will expect, on the new seeded land two tons per acre. Let us make ready for haying. I find it pays to take a day to get everything in order; look over all the haying tools beforehand; get such new ones as may be wanted; see if the mower and rake are in order; just try the machine a little as you can tell better about its work in five minutes when running than in half an hour looking it over in the barn. I find it wise always to keep one or two spare hand rakes and an extra pitching fork, and if haying far from the barn to see that they are taken to the field every day; then, if you are rushing work, with a thunderclout in the sky, and snap a rake or crack a fork handle, as I have sometimes done, catch another from the wagon (and go ahead); the having it with you will sometimes save a load from being wet.

Cutting and Curing.

Everything being prepared, how shall we cut and cure our grass. I like to mow after four o'clock, P.M., if we use a machine, and early in the morning if by hand; turn and tend well; cock up from two till four, and have all up before the dew falls; the second day spread so as to leave no bunches; most hired help will bear watching when spreading or turning hay. I had questions were asked about river meadow hay, that were imperfectly answered. First, as to the yield per acre.

Samples of Milk and Meadow Hay.

The good meadows on which the fodder grows produce from one ton to a ton and a half, as an average; in some few cases two tons per acre has been cut. When grass of that kind is sold standing it brings from two and a half to four dollars per ton, the cost of cutting is four or five dollars according to the distance the meadow is from the farm, the average value of the land is not far from $30 per acre, any offered at that price would be quickly taken. I had for several years an order to buy as an investment for a number of meadow land to the amounts of $1000, at that rate, and no acre could I get; still in the appraisal of property and the settlement of estates that is the price put on it. To give an idea of the relative value of land in Topsfield, good pasture is worth $40 to $50 per acre and fielding from $50 to $100; these prices have not changed much for many years. In speaking of the quality of the milk made from meadow and salt hay and grain, it was hard to convince some men that it was good milk. I sell my milk at the door to a man who also has milk of several of my neighbors; he is in the habit of testing each man's milk by his glass to determine the quality. I have ascertained that last summer on good pasture, and there is none better than that on the hills of Topsfield, the grass being very sweet and good my milk stood at 35, and this winter on the hay above described it was 22, coming well up to a grass standard. I may mention that of the several farms supplying milk to the same dealer, but one besides my own has a summer rate as high as my winter one. I have brought a few samples of river meadow hay that you may see it, smell it, and judge of its quality and value. You see it is neither hay, swamp hay, nor worthless bedding. I have a sample of this morning's milk for you to see, if you can analyse it and see what percentage of solids it contains I should like to have you. For that is one way to determine its value; the practical test is, however, the satisfaction it gives the consumer.

There were shown samples of milk by Mr. Preston that analysed a good deal above the standard of the law. I have brought up two samples of my morning's milk. This sample, (showing a bottle of milk) is from a Holstein heifer that calved for the first time in February, and is due to calve again in April. This (showing another bottle) is from a grade Jersey that calved in June. I should like to have it analyzed at the Experiment Station.

I cut about six acres of this grass and they yield about seven tons of well cured hay. This is not by guess or estimate, but by actual weighing. Estimates of men when the hay is in the cock or in the wagon vary a good deal. But the scales are a true test. Another test shows seven tons of hay to the six acres.

Mr. WARE—Was it high marsh land?

Mr. PEABODY—No. It was low marsh, well drained.

Mr. WARE—Not high enough for black grass?

Mr. PEABODY—It is covered by high tides a half a dozen times a month. There is no black grass, white top and somet ner kinds. White top has been regarded by some as equal in feeding value to English hay. Many farmers find by practical test that these marsh grasses make as much milk as English hay. I stand by that. I have tested it. I have here a volume of the transactions of the Essex Agricultural Society, with a record for a year of feeding on this marsh hay. I took the first premium for the largest product of milk per cow. The statement has been published extensively over the State and as far as the New Hampshire and Canada papers.

Mr. FARNUM—What is the name of the grass?

Mr. PEABODY—It has the general name of salt marsh hay. It is a mixture of white top, fox grass and some others. As an interesting statement of the comparative value, for the production of milk of English hay and meadow hay, I would mention the case of two brothers in Topsfield, both careful, observing men who have each a good farm, one has English hay and the grain and the other meadow or salt hay and the same quantity of grain. They have followed it for years and each is anxious to show that his method of feeding is successful. Neither can beat the other on the quantity of milk. The quantities do not vary enough to be appreciable. The cows of the English hay are handsomer and the heaviest. The others keep in good order, but cannot be fatted so well. There is that advantage in feeding English hay. If a farmer wants to feed his cow for a year and then to change her for beef, he can do it better by feeding English hay. I should remark here that the luxury of salt marsh is not to the contrary.

In former days when grass seed was not so easily procured as at present the owner used to raise, that is, transplant and supply himself and neighbors with seed. This fact is of interest also as proving that could we secure the right conditions the grass of our fields might be long maintained without the use of the plough.

Salt Marsh Grasses.

The discussion of the salt grasses I leave to those more acquainted with them myself, for sure that Ipswich, Rowley and Newbury not only furnish in well filled barns and handsome stacks, but the best evidence of the value of the hay but that also in this hall are those who can speak ably upon the points in its cultivation. And I close this paper with the testimony of a writer, like this in which we are now engaged, and to the sterling character of farmers. He says—

"It is very important that he should have strong and frequent influence from companions bound together by fellowship of pursuit, and it is one of the good signs of the times that our farmers' clubs and societies are becoming valuable and better way than at the ale-house or the tavern, and now most at fairs and institutes the minds and the best practical knowledge and ideas of their calling. A better standard of ambition is thus set before them, and the good effect of it appears not only in better crops and better fed cattle, but in gentler manners and finer taste. The farm itself often wears the look of the new age, and not only does thrift speak from the teeming fields and lowing herds, but beauty from the landscape, and it is evident that the owner of the house and grounds has learned that fitness is the first principle of loveliness, and the farm is made as well as fruitful. In its parts and uses combine in due order, and the unity and diversity that are the law of God's heavens rule the affairs of the earth and exalt man's many things and thoughts into harmony with the one great Being who sent all existences forth by his word and recalls them to Himself by His spirit.

What motive should more effectually check the farmer's too ready selfishness, and bring him into living human fellowship, than the great principle of patriotism? Who should love his country more than he, and who should feel more that he is the stability of the country, the source of good government, with its firm law and merciful order? The mysterious power of the nation blesses him when he may least think of it, and the strong arm that protects his property, and gives sweet sleep to his weary pillow, and opens to him a good market for his products, and there in all the world of distant friends, and who brings his absent son or daughter within reach of his pen and almost of his touch—what power does this but the country, the nation that gathers the many into one and joins the remotest village to the capital, under the shield of the same broad and mighty nationality? To him the country is no abstraction; for he looks upon and traverses a large piece of its domain day by day, and no man can have more love for his native land than he who owns and inhabits some of its solid acres. His philosophy depends upon the nature of the case, when experience proves so amply the patriotism of farmers? In fact, they made the nation; for they were almost the whole population when our liberty was won and our Constitution was fixed. Our great statesmen have been farmers, and in the strict practical sense of the term too. Our great patriots, Washington, stands rightfully at the head of the profession; for he owned 8000 acres, and to his death kept 4000 of them under regular culture. Our great statesmen, the Adamses, Jefferson, Madison, Clay, Webster, and others, have followed in his path, and while they undoubtedly found health and thrift in the soil, yet their great advantage was derived from its wholesome discipline and broad affinity, and they understood and served the people better from seeing with their own eyes how their wants, and labor, and honor, and comfort enjoyed, and the nation is governed and blessed.

God's blessing upon our farmers, and may the next half century justify and reward the fair promise of the last fifty years! What the America that the twentieth century looks upon will be, is a question more fitting for a prophet, or at least for a poet, than for our prosaic pen."

Thinking that some in the audience might not understand this meadow hay, I have brought up some samples, and I have them here [displaying several small bundles of hay]. They are from two lots I am feeding from. [Mr. Peabody explained which sample he considered to be the best.] These are samples of the river meadow hay of Topsfield.

Mr. WARE—About what weight did it grow to the acre?

Mr. PEABODY—This sample [the best] grew about a ton to the acre.

Mr. FARNUM—Did you mow it by hand or by a machine?

Mr. PEABODY—I mowed it with a machine. I have from 35 to 40 acres and I mow from 18 to 20 with a machine and rake it with a horserake. The meadows are hard. There is no trouble in using a machine. I think that the Topsfield farmers, who know scientific when it comes to quality of English hay, would favor this as the best milk hay. About four years since the piece was seeded with herdsgrass. That hay grew in an orchard where the herdsgrass has been replaced by another grass to a considerable extent.

At the Ipswich Institute yesterday several questions were asked about river meadow hay, that were imperfectly answered. First, as to the yield per acre.

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MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, -- BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1885.

Ploughman.

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☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

MEETING OF FARMERS.

There will be a *Meeting of Farmers* at the Hall of the New England Agricultural Society *Ploughman* Building, on Saturday forenoon, Jan 10th inst, at ten o'clock A. M., sharp. Subject, "*The Dairy*," or "*Milch Cows and Dairy Farming.*"

The past week has, as usual, been a busy one in opening new legislatures and municipal governments, and a great many men have learned the practical workings of our popular system of government by retiring from their public posts to the privacy of common citizenship.

The subject to be discussed at the next Farmers' Meeting, to be held in the hall of the *Ploughman* Building on Saturday morning, the 10th inst., is "Milch Cows and Dairy Farming." Thus it will be seen that the farmers' talks have reached the *tenants* of the farm, which are always of consummate interest. In fact, those who do not themselves cultivate farms take almost equal interest in the animal life which they sustain as those who do. There have been numerous requests from various quarters that the committee whose office it is to select topics for weekly discussion should present this one, and the requests have been promptly and cheerfully acceded to. The present indications are that unusual interest will be excited in the meeting by the manner in which the above subject will be treated. There is not a farmer in all New England who is indifferent to the theories and practice of dairy farming. And they are all cordially invited to be present.

The discussion relative to the Hay Crop proved of interest enough to engross the time of three successive Farmers' Meetings, as the readers of the weekly reports in the *Ploughman* have of course noticed. The interest in this important subject was unabated throughout. To the very close of the discussion it retained all the life and energy that characterized it during its first and second meetings. The reports of this prolonged discussion could not be perused without signal profit. The audience yielded the proposal to continue the discussion still further with extreme reluctance, and only with the understanding that at some future meeting it should be renewed. In the meantime, other questions of parallel interest and importance succeed, to be talked to by men who have not yet come forward to show the results of their practical experience in agricultural operations. All of them know too well how fundamental is the hay crop in the farming of New England.

From all sides, it gratifies us sincerely to say, we are receiving emphatic expressions of satisfaction with the new agricultural enterprise shown in the inauguration of the Farmers' Meetings which are now held every Saturday in the hall of the New England Agricultural Society, in the *Ploughman* Building. These meetings are already bearing abundant fruit. The press, in particular, offer voluntary praises that are specially acceptable. Readers of the *Ploughman* far and near freely testify their pleasure at reading the reports of these Meetings. The discussions are far from being formal, and are therefore made more attractive. All subjects pertaining to farming come up in their turn for treatment. Men of practical experience, who have the capacity to theorize from that experience, come not only from different parts of the State but of New England, to contribute their share of information and interest to the general fund. These weekly meetings will soon establish themselves as a regular farmers' exchange, for both social and practical purposes. Few things could have the effect to bring about that union of the farmers which is needed above all else in these times.

Among the farm products exhibited at the last Saturday's Farmers' Meeting was an enormous Hornets' Nest, cut from a tree standing in front of the door of the farmhouse of Sidney Lawrence, East Lexington, Mass. Although at present tenantless, it is nevertheless suggestive enough to invite a crawling of the flesh of a sensitive person. The hornet is a well known destroyer of the house fly, on which he preys with the assiduity of an employed scavenger. If left alone to go about his business, he will make no disturbance for others and is to be esteemed as practically harmless for so bumptious a fellow.

Everybody naturally expects a new year to bring new prospects, and this is especially true in business after a period of stagnation. The long continued stagnation of affairs has done at least one thing, and that is to compel those engaged in all other callings to admit that agriculture is the solid basis of all prosperity in this country. All are freely saying now that until the farmer can sell his products abroad as well as at home, there is no use in hoping for any improving movement. It is significant that turns the great wheel of affairs, after all. It is pleasant for farmers to be able to realize this fact, for it is a most encouraging one. Who does not feel an increase of pride in knowing that he is one of the class in the country on which confessedly rests the general prosperity? Farming is really the great business of the country, say what we will about manufactures and trade and commerce. And no man stands more firmly on his feet the year round than he who cultivates his own acres. We are speaking of it as a simple matter of business, not in any strain of sentiment. The foundation of all things in this country is agriculture.

The new chapel and Library building which has been erected for the Massachusetts Agricultural College out of the appropriation voted by the Legislature, is a structure that will not fail to excite the gratification of all the friends and supporters of the College. With this important building completed, it will be possible for the College to advance with a quickening pace to the goal of success which is visibly fixed in their minds. It becomes henceforth an essential part of the working endowment to which the College will acknowledge itself indebted in fulfilling its educational destiny. The Agricultural College, with the Experiment Station to supplement its active usefulness, is a school for the production of practical farmers with tried and proven theories in their heads to guide and inspire their work. It is established especially for the thorough instruction, and thereby the continual elevation, of the agricultural calling in Massachusetts. There are other institutions on every hand for educating young men in the learning of literature, universal science, the arts, and all those branches which pertain to professional, business, and general life; but the purpose of the Agricultural College is especially to educate and qualify young men to become farmers, and that intent could not be more distinct than it has been made by the State itself in its generous offer to educate free of cost at the College a certain number of young men from the several senatorial districts. The question of its ultimate and established success in this regard cannot be properly raised, certainly not by any of the true friends of the College, until it can be said to have fairly described its educational orbit. It would obviously be premature to raise it during the progress of the experiment itself. Ripened fruits are never expected of the still young and growing tree. Agricultural edusation is its professed specialty, and to this and all available methods of instruction and training are to be made to effectually contribute.

It is known to everybody that the New England Manufacturers' and Mechanics' Institute has ended its four years' career in the Insolvency Court. Its history therefore is at the present time a subject of universal interest. It has long been evident that it was working against the tide, although its managers spared no efforts to achieve a deserved success. A public statement has been made through the papers by certain of the officers of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association, that sheds a rather strong light on the origin of the Institute and the motives with which it was inspired. At all events, it makes highly interesting reading explaining, as it does, many things in relation to which the public have hitherto been uninformed. It is now stated that two men paid $200,000 of the $350,000 subscribed for the erection of the Institute building; that the Institute now has a floating debt of $75,000, the deficit of three fairs, and that no interest has ever been paid upon its stocks or bonds. Other unpleasant statements are publicly made about its affairs, and especially about the reported attendance at the Institute fairs. The executive ability of John M. Little, its President, needs no praise from any quarter; he is too well and widely known to require or invite vindication. Mr. E. R. Mudge, his associate in the erection of the Institute building, is dead, leaving behind him a name respected, honored, and beloved by all who knew him. The service to which the building will be put in the future remains undetermined at the present time.

The productiveness of the past year has been well termed phenomenal, especially that which relates to the soil. The earth has literally teemed with bounties and blessings. Yet in face of all this we are confronted with complaints of hard times. Why should we have to confess to hard times in the midst of plenty? According to the returns of the Bureau of Agriculture, the wheat crop exceeded that of the previous year by fully 100 million bushels, the total yield being 520 million bushels. No similar wheat crop was ever gathered in this country before. The corn crop is estimated to be 1,800,000,000 bushels, which is a large gain over that of four years ago, and in all respects unprecedented. In the matter of meat products, beef and pork, there has been no diminution of the product of former years. Other industrial products show a similar condition. How it is possible to create a panic out of material like this surpasses all comprehension. Dullness cannot long thrive under such profusely rich conditions.

TRANSPORTING CATTLE.

It is high time that the real motives for opposing reform in relation to the transportation of live cattle should be exposed. It is time to bring the managers of the trunk lines and the members of the cattle ring before a committee of Congress, and make them give up the secret of the understanding that exists between them. If that were better known, it would not be so difficult for the public to comprehend the reasons for this bitter hostility to every plan and proposition looking to the regulation of railway transportation by State authority or that of the General Government. It has at length come to be well understood that the live stock interest opposes everything of the kind, and will listen to no suggestion of transportation that in any way jeopardizes its prospects. There is another and a greater factor in the problem, however, and that is the public health. That is certainly destined to have its way to the end.

The ring that controls the bulk of the live stock traffic over the railroads, as existing arrangements are, may confidently be expected to be more actively and powerfully hostile to the proposal to regulate railroad transportation between the States than any other organized interest. It starts out, as all of us well know, with declaring that dressed beef shall not be allowed to compete with live stock. In other words, it refuses to consumers at the East the coveted boon of cheap meats, because it fe a diminution of its own royal revenues. So far, it is not to be denied that the trunk lines have shown every disposition to kill the enterprise of transporting dressed beef to the market in which so many interests are enlisted. But for the power of this ring of cattle-men, the price of dressed beef to the eastern consumer would be a great dealer lower than it is, besides the important fact that the meat consumed would be a great deal healthier and better.

As it now stands, the price of beef is monstrously out of proportion to the first cost and that of handling and transportation. A resolution is to-day before the House Committee on Commerce in Washington whose long preamble is a recitation of cruelty, wrong, lawlessness, and greed that ought to excite Congress to instant action. It charges that the present system of transporting live stock by railroad companies engaged in interstate commerce is barbarous and destructive; that ten per cent of the animals perish in consequence of this treatment, while the flesh of the remainder is rendered unfit for human food; that the flesh of the dead and dying animals thus treated is sold to the people, and cannot when dressed be distinguished from sound meats, and is the source of many and various diseases; that the House committee on agriculture, on the 21st of January, 1875, reported the loss by shrinkage alone in the weight of animals, caused by the present system of transportation, amounted to $8,000,000 on the business of 1870, and must now be quite $16,000,000 per annum.

The resolution charges that the railroad companies, by a system of favoritism, give to a small number of persons, known as the Association of Eveners, a bonus of about $15 on every carload of beef cattle shipped from the West to the East, this sum being no part of the actual legitimate cost of transportation, but, on the contrary, collected by the transporters and paid over to the eveners as a gratuity. The resolution further states that the act of Congress requiring railroad companies to unload stock in transitu at least once in every twenty-eight hours to be fed, watered and rested, unless it is carried in cars in which the animals are adequately fed, watered and rested, without unloading, is habitually violated. Also, that the losses and charges above named constitute, in the aggregate, an enormous tax upon a necessary article of food, which is borne by producer and consumer alike; thus diminishing the just profits of the meat growers in the West, and placing meat food in many instances beyond the reach of the poor man in the East.

For these reasons, which seem both sufficient and convincing, the resolution instructs the committee to inquire whether the evils charged do actually exist, and how far it is practicable to remedy them by law. Now it is expected of the committee that it will proceed to act. This is a very grave question, and concerns the public health as well as the public pocket. The live stock interest is understood to have taken its stand on this question. It has been decided by the Federal Courts that this trade between the States comses legitimately within the regulation of Congress, more especially in its intimate relation to the public health. We may therefore look for the passage of a carefully framed law respecting this cattle traffic, which will prove but the initiative of a system of laws aimed to break up and perpetually repress the multitude of abuses against the public health, of which adulteration is by no means the least. This iniquitous conspiracy should not be suffered to avail itself of the machinery of railroad franchises which the people have themselves granted for very different purposes.

PROTECTING THE FORESTS.

This is the very time for initiating legislation for the protection of the forests. Further delay, after so long discussion of the subject, can fairly be interpreted to mean only indifference and neglect. It is well said by the Springfield Republican that the legislatures of the several States ought to make it one of the first subjects of their attention, and not crowd it back until the last days of their sessions, when matters of this sort get very little attention in the rush of affairs which the average legislator regard, as more practical and pressing. The proper way for the friends of forest protection is to have their bills prepared early in the session, and to be themselves prepared to sustain them with as vigorous an advocacy as is given to the selfish schemes of the lobby. While, as the Republican says, we have no need for a forest reservation in this State, there is need of laws regulating the clearing of woodland, imposing penalties for setting fires, and encouraging plantations of forest trees on waste land. It says there are large tracts of land in this State and in Connecticut that ought to be covered with pine and larch and oak forests. And we ought, too, to have attained such a stage in civilization when we should plant shade trees along our roadsides, and protect those which have fortunately been spared from destruction by sheer greed.

And in connection with this matter, there should be a concerted movement to put a stop to the mutilation and ultimate destruction of wayside trees by the telegraph and telephone companies. They ought not to be permitted to exercise their ruthlessness in the way they have done in the past. Any other marauders, foraging for cord wood, have just as good a right as they have to commit unbridled havoc on the handsome trees that line the streets of our towns and villages. Many an otherwise attractive country road has been made an eyesore by the outrageous hackings and sawings o their destroying gangs of workmen, and there are very few of our suburban towns and interior cities and villages that are not today warning examples of the license of these companies. The time has certainly come for legislation that will assert at least ownership and authority on the part of somebody. If trees are the property of nobody in particular, let it be so declared by the highest authority in the State, the people themselves through their legislating representatives, that the question may be settled once for all and the debate ended. We earnestly commend the whole subject to the early attention of the legislature that is so soon to assemble in this State.

Inasmuch as pleuro-pneumonia in the West originated in the herd of Jersey cattle belonging to U. R. C. Dye, of Springdale Farm, Troy, O., it will be of interest to all owners of cattle and readers of the *Ploughman* to be officially apprised of the fact that the disease has been stamped out. It is certified to by H. A. Woodroffe, the Veterinary Inspector of the Bureau of Animal Industry, who states over his signature that after a careful examination he found the herd in perfect health, and free from any appearance of pleuro-pneumonia or other contagious diseases.

The Annual Meeting of the Trustees of the Worcester Agricultural Society will be held in Grand Army Hall, 344 Main street, Worcester, Mass., on Thursday, January 15, 1885, at 9 1-2 o'clock A. M., for the election of a Committee of Arrangements, and such other business as may properly come before the meeting. An Institute meeting will be held immediately after the meeting of the Trustees. Mr. Thayer, State Cattle Commissioner, will address the meeting in the forenoon on Cattle Diseases, and W. W. Rawson of Arlington in the afternoon on Market Gardening.

The Granite State Dairymen's Association will hold its annual meeting for choice of officers, for the discussion of dairy interests, and for an exhibition of dairy products and dairy utensils, at City Hall in Concord, N. H., on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 13th and 14th insts. There will be appropriate addresses, besides brief talks on various subjects. Several distinguished dairymen are expected to be present. A general invitation is extended to present articles in the dairy line for competitive examination.

The Reagan interstate commerce bill in Congress is exciting discussion in all parts of the country. It brings the transportation question directly to the front. The vital issue contained in it, and the one that chiefly interests railway managers, is that of freight charged. It appears by the admission of the men high in authority with the railroads, that there are two distinct standards for estimating the cost to a railroad company for moving freight; the first standard regulates through freight, and the second fixes the local rate. According to the reports of the railroads of Pennsylvania to the State authorities, the charges per ton per mile for local freight are about 200 per cent. above the through rate. It is a very grave question, in which the farmers of the country are all interested, whether such arbitrary discrimination by the roads is in obedience to the requisitions upon them in law as common carriers. This discrimination against local freights in favor of through freights is the result only of a compromise between the railroad companies for the sake of purchasing peace among themselves. This is just no reason at all for refusing to be common carriers under the law authorizing the building of the roads.

The English papers manifest no particular desire to meddle in the business of our treaty negotiations with Nicaragua. The London Times, representing the rest, says—"Clearly, this is no time for England to pick bones with Washington about the musty Nicaragua treaty, with thirty-five years of progress and commercial activity pulling the treaty to pieces." Reference is made to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, which is a practically defunct affair on the page of diplomatic history.

London, by a new and enterprising project, is about to be supplied with milk from Holland, just across the sea. It is both practical and anomalous. That a city should look to a foreign country for its daily milk supply is indeed a new thing to conceive of even in the newness of our modern life.

☞ From the annual report of the Maine State College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts for the year ending Nov. 30, 1884, is learned the following: The Legislature of 1882 appropriated $2800 for the construction and partial equipment of a building for workshops. With this a substantial wooden structure has been erected, 56x36, two stories high, with an L 56x24, one story high, the entire building being 112 feet in length. The Legislature is asked to appropriate $12,400 for the needs of the college in 1885 and 1886, and the sum of $16,000 is asked to erect a new building for the department of natural history and agriculture. Total number of students during the past year, 91. The farm superintendent's report shows receipts of $4676.28; expenditures, $4677.54; total value of dairy products, $2230.05; expenditures for feed, $611.40. The treasurer's report places the total receipts of the college at $16,890,48; disbursements, $14,893,53; amount on hand Dec. 4, 1884, $2026.95; total resources of the college, $131,326,95.

READ AND RUN.

— The dissensions in Plymouth Church are asserted in Brooklyn to be more serious than represented. It is said they may result in a division of the body, or possibly in Mr. Beecher's retirement. Some old members are irreconcilably hostile to his continuation as their pastor.

— The December bills of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York, in spite of the reduction from $2.25 to $1.25 per 1000 cubic feet, are larger than they have ever been before. Scores of citizens are determined to use kerosene, and denounced the consolidation.

— The only first-class hotel now on Broadway, below Fourteenth street, New York, is the Astor House, which is usually filled to overflowing. An offer has been made for Stewart's down town dry goods establishment, corner of Broadway and Chambers street, with a view of turning it into a hotel.

— A new German weekly paper is talked of in New York, in connection with Carl Schurz, to be independent in politics and of a high order of journalism and literature.

— The sub-committee of the Senate judiciary committee is said to have agreed to report favorably on a sixty years' extension for the payment of the Union and Central Pacific railroad debt to the Government.

— Mr. Beecher said, in his last Friday evening talk,—"If God were to ordain me to begin life again, of course I would list cheerfully; but I am glad the end is drawing nigh. I have had a good deal of trouble, though they say thrashing is good for wheat and ministers. It takes away lots of straw and leaves the grain."

— Some of the dry goods establishments in Boston have given notice of a reduction of the wages of employes.

— The first of a series of Saturday meetings of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, to be held during the winter, took place last Saturday. President Moore remarked that last year was the first in which the death of a President of the Society had ever occurred.

— We have built, since January, 1879, about 40,000 miles of railroad, and have in all about 121,000 miles. Of this total there is now in default less than 10,000 miles, and a considerable portion of this is made up of old cases like Erie.

— The movement of corn from Nebraska has begun in earnest, and the volume now going to various markets is something remarkable.

— The franchise bill being out of the way, England will next be called upon to deal with the condition of the poorer classes.

— Nearly 15,000,000 gallons of whiskey are at present warehoused, upon which the tax, amounting to over $13,000,000, falls due within the present year. The only way to escape the tax is to export the whiskey, and the proposition is now openly made to export it by a legal fiction, that is, announce that whiskey in bond is intended for shipment abroad.

— The current week has been a notable one for the changes in executive and legislative officers which it witnessed. A great many public men have again become private citizens, and new men have come forward to take their places.

— The promise is given that from the immense cattle ranges of the West, just coming to their maturity, we shall soon be supplied with meats at largely reduced prices.

— It has been justly said that the best time for a cholera scare is before the epidemic appears.

— The sugar crop in Louisiana turns out a short one.

— A man in New York State killed a Christmas turkey that weighed 40¼ pounds. He was the king of turkeys.

— Religious bodies of all denominations in France refuse Pere Hyacinthe their pulpits.

— Mr. Winans, the American sportsman, leases the largest deer forest in Scotland.

— The New York Sun sums up a recent article thus: "But, verily, it is hard to be a Christian, especially for a rich man, harder than for a camel to get through the eye of a needle." It suggests that the Sun may of late have been passing through some very tough experiences.

— The conditions under which the coming electoral contest will take place are far more favorable than any enjoyed by Irish patriots for half a century. Henceforth, a single Irishman's vote will count for more than a single Englishman's determining the composition of the Commons House of Parliament.

— An enterprising dancing master provides ballet girls as partners for his male pupils at the balls, and thus greatly augments and delights his class.

— Two hundred thousand Americans are said to have wintered in Europe, and one of them writes home asking if they have not been missed.

— Sir John Gibson Maitland has just sent over to United States Fish Commissioner Bain 100,000 Loch Severn ova, from his fishery ponds near Sterling, Scotland, which are to be hatched out in Michigan and then transferred to the great lakes.

— It appears that the horse which J. Wilkes Booth rode after having shot President Lincoln, died of old age in the town of Abington, Conn., about three years ago.

— There is a rumor that the Czar of Russia is to be crowned at Samarcand as Emperor of Central Asia. He has for some time been urged to grasp an Oriental Empire as an antidote to Lord Beaconsfield's masterstroke in crowning Queen Victoria Empress of India.

— Cock fighting is being vigorously warred against by the authorities of England.

— The powerful Pennsylvania Railroad is cutting down free passes to the lowest possible limit. It has been thought necessary.

— Cruising, according to the American Cockist, was pursued last year more vigorously than ever before. The Atlantic coast has been cruised upon from Long Island Sound to Mt. Desert. The rapids of the St. Lawrence River have been run. The Mississippi, Susquehanna, Delaware, Potomac, Shenandoah and Connecticut rivers, and the Russian River in California, and Lake Champlain and Lake George have been the scenes of notable cruises. The paddle and the pointed sail have become familiar visitors on all our inland water courses.

— The Salvation army has now 910 corps.

— Sir John A. Macdonald, premier of the Canadian Dominion, remarked in a recent speech on reciprocity that he would advise Canadians not to go down on their knees to the American government. If reciprocity is good for one, said he, it is good for the other. If there should be no reciprocity trade treaty between the two countries, he thought the Canadians could easily find another market for their fishery products.

— A California man gave his daughter a spirited horse for a bridal present, and in the first riding of the animal she was thrown and killed.

— De Lesseps says that if locks are found to be needed at Panama for the canal, as seemed to be the case with all the other proposed routes he would put his hat on his head and give a polite bow to the Isthmus, for he would never identify his name or his prestige with any lock canal, which he admitted to be well enough in its way for small and interior navigation, but worse than useless for the great ocean steamships of international commerce. That is precisely what he proposes to regard as the difference between Panama and Nicaragua.

— The London Telegraph remarks that it is the needy portion of the population which really derives most benefit from the prevailing cheapness of the most important commodities.

— An intelligent writer in a New York journal says there is no reason why we should not have household coal delivered at our doors for $2.50 per ton.

— The poet Stoddard, says Hawthorne, was never well paid, as literary payment is understood to day, even when he was at the height of his fame as an author. That we know already. Stoddard recalls Hawthorne's once showing him an offer from a publisher of $3000 per printed page for a story.

— A wholesale whiskey dealer is cited as saying that few drinkers of whiskey realize how little they get for their money. An article that costs the producer but one sixth of a cent in Kentucky, is retailed to the drinker at nearly forty times as much. A gill is considered a fair quantity for a drink, for which is charged at the most stylish bars, twenty cents. The cost to the distiller of making the best possible whiskey is only about forty cents a gallon.

— Upwards of thirty persons are at present living in New England who are over 100 years of age. The names and residences of twelve of them are given.

— Arizona has held her first Territorial Fair, the chief feature being the display made by the Indians. Their exhibit comprised every form of vegetable and cereal product entering into their domestic economy. The Indian wheat took the first and second premiums. One curious article exhibited was an Indian wooden plough, an exact counterpart of those used 2000 years ago in the valley of the Nile.

— The story is abundantly confirmed by Mr. Dolby that Dickens brought on his death by overwork and overexcitement.

— The result of a century's experimenting with water marks all around the Swedish coasts shows that the Swedish coast is steadily rising, while that on the southern fringe of the Baltic has been as steadily falling.

☞ Mrs. A. W. Howland, of Providence, R. I., says:—"I most cheerfully recommend HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY as a safe and reliable cure for kidney disease, and it is the only medicine I have ever found that does exactly what it is advertised to do."

Editor's Table.

☞ *The Chronological Journal and Science of Health*, which is published at $2.00 a year, or 20 cents a number, presents itself at the opening of a new year in a form and substance that is peculiarly fitting to its widely recognized character. It has enjoyed the confidence and esteem of a very large and steadily increasing community for a great many years. The January issue signalizes the year which completes a half-century of the noble work of its founders and proprietors by an article reciting the rise and growth of Phrenology in this country, with timely illustrations in the form of portraits, which include those of Gall, Spurzheim, Combe the Fowlers, Charlotte Fowler Wells, Samuel R. Wells, Drs. Frall and Graham, and others. A profoundly significant article follows this, the subject being "Phenomena of Immortality," which is richly worth attentive perusal. The Cotton Centennial at New Orleans is also sketched, handsome views of the different buildings and the grounds being given. A galaxy of excellent articles appears in this number, that show the reserve force maintained by this most useful of modern publications.

☞ The contents of the *Popular Science Monthly* for January, 1885, are—A Glance at the Jury System; Agnostic Metaphysics, by Frederic Harrison; Last Words about Agnosticism, by Herbert Spencer; Influences determining Sex; by Prof. W. K. Brooks; My Schools and Schoolmasters, by Prof. Tyndall; Gladiators of the Sea, illustrated; Studying in Germany, by Prof. H. D. Kennedy; State Usurpation of Parental Functions, by Sir Auberon Herbert; Bloody Sweat; Protective Mimicry in Marine Life; The Chemistry of Cookery, by W. Mallien Williams; Advantages of Limited Museums; The Architecture of Town-Houses; Mountain Observations; Sketch of Sir Henry Roscoe, with portrait; Editor's Table—Literary Notices—Popular Miscellany—and, Notes. For sale by Cupples, Upham & Co.

☞ *Within the Shadow* is the name of a new story, making another of the V. I. P. Series, written by Dorothy Halroyd, the title being taken from a verse of Whittier's which constitutes the text of the story. It is pronounced a choice production and destined to make a marked impression. The style is original, and the story is highly interesting. Published by D. Lothrop & Co.

☞ The Tenth Annual Report of the New West Education Commission of Chicago, Ill., is received. The Commission is soundly anchored in the administrative wisdom of two National Congregational Councils, and is in full and hearty sympathy with all the associate benevolent societies of the denomination.

☞ The January number of *Seed Time and Harvest*, an illustrated magazine devoted to rural affairs, begins the sixth volume. It is published by I. F. Tillinghast, La Plume, Penn.

☞ The publications of *Porter and Coates*, Philadelphia, are presented for 1885 in a handsome pamphlet, which will prove to be useful for reference to book buyers everywhere.

☞ A superior *Vegetable Cutting Machine* is a desideratum with all farmers. C. H. Thompson & Co., 71 Clinton street and 82 and 84 South Market street, Boston, can show just what is needed in this line. A description of it is to be seen in another place. This machine is warranted to cut sixty bushels of vegetables an hour. The same enterprising firm also keep in stock all kinds of hay cutters for hand or power, rubber bucket chain pumps, cucumber wood pumps, and have for sale at half the usual price a lot of shop worn pumps, and odds and ends. An early call will be for the advantage of all in want of the above supplies.

—The latest improved *Horse-Power Machines* for threshing and cleaning grain and sawing wood, are those manufactured by A. W. Gray's Sons, Middletown Springs, Vt., which may be had of C. H. Thompson & Co., 71 Clinton st., Boston. These machines have been proved to be thoroughly reliable, and of easy draft, will perform a large amount of work of high quality and are of remarkable durability. They are on exhibition at all times at the location above named.

REAL ESTATE CONVENTION AT NEW ORLEANS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In behalf of the National Convention of Real Estate Agents of America, I extend through your great journal a cordial invitation to all Newspaper and Land Agents to attend the Great Convention to be held in this city January 20th—current month. Will you kindly notice this Convention in your columns.

W. R. STUART, Land Agent.

New Orleans, Jan. 3, 1885.

A RAYMOND EXCURSION TO MEXICO.—It will be seen by reference to an advertisement in another column that Messrs. Raymond & Whitcomb have added Mexico to their grand list of excursion points. A party will leave Boston for Mexico early in February through that interesting country, Thursday, February 26. The arrangements are upon an elaborate scale, and ensure not only comfort and enjoyment, but a far more extended observation than individual travellers are accustomed to make. The whole length of the Mexican Central Railway, and large portions of the Mexican National, will be traversed. A special train of Pullman cars will convey the travellers everywhere, and a dining-car will be attached for the greater part of the way. Upwards of a dozen cities will be visited, and nearly a fortnight will be passed in the National Capital. The party will be absent 44 days in all. A circular giving full details may be had by addressing W. Raymond, 240 Washington street, Boston.

— Buckwheat is a good crop to starve out the wire worm and other insect pests, as they will not eat the root or stem. Three years will starve the wire worm out and leave the ground in excellent condition.

NIGHTMARE,

sick-headache, depression of spirits, and want of ambition are symptoms of a diseased liver. The lungs, stomach, and bowels are all in sympathy. Life is only a living death. Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" acts upon the torpid liver, and effectually removes all these difficulties and disorders. Nervous feelings, gloomy forebodings, and irritability of temper all disappear.

— The cheapest way to renew exhausted land or to keep up the fertility of good land, is to use land plaster for clover and plow the clover under.

CATARRH CURED.

A clergyman, after suffering a number of years from that loathsome disease, Catarrh, after trying every known remedy without success, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self addressed stamped envelope to Dr. A. Lawrence, 199 Dean St., Brooklyn, New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

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— Commercial fertilisers are costly according to present prices of grain, and only those that can be fully guaranteed should be purchased.

☞ Hood's Sarsaparilla, acting through the blood, reaches every part of the system, and in this way positively cures catarrh.

Clover is not a grass. All our cereals are true grasses, wheat, oats, rye, barley, rice, sugar cane, sorghum, broom corn and Indian corn. The Gramineæ or grass family includes about one twenty second of all known flowering plants.

CORN SMUT.

Prof. C. E. Bessey, of the Iowa Agricultural College, says on this subject:

'This disease of Indian corn is well known to be due to a minute parasitic plant which gains access to the corn plant early in the life of the latter. Careful microscopical examinations show the parasitic growths to be present even in the lower joints of the corn, and they have been seen in all the intermediate parts. The parasite grows in the form of very minute slender threads, which penetrate the tissues of the corn and thereby gain nourishment for growth. The threads grow until they finally reach the young kernels, where they find such an abundance of nourishment that they burst out into the too well known smutty growths, which are so common some seasons. Now these smutty growths are the fruiting places of the parasite. Cut open such a growth when it is young, and you will find it to be white and of fibrous structure. A little later it begins to show dark streaks, and still later it begins to dissolve into a black, inky slime. The water soon evaporates from this slime and leaves a powdery mass, which puffs out and blows away with the slightest jar.

"This powder is made up of countless myriads of little black balls, called spores, which serve to reproduce these plants, as seeds reproduce the higher plants. Now, every smutted ear left in the field is a seed bed for the production of more smut the next year. It has been shown by experience, as well as by direct experiment, that there is always more smut in those fields where the had been smut the year before. The lesson is, therefore, obvious, gather and burn all smutted ears."

READ AND RUN.

— England appears to be in a troublesome dilemma over the Egyptian financial question The contemptuous attitude of the Continenta powers towards England's proposals leaves the English government with a fearful amount of responsibility, and without adequate authority to dispose of the subject. The creditors of Egypt of various nationalities are becoming more clamorous every day. There seems to be no way for England to escape from the dilemma without the cooperation of other powers.

— An earthquake recently visited Washington and portions of Virginia and Maryland.

— An army of 8000 Chinese troops has recently been defeated by the French.

— General Wolsley says he will soon advance and that all is well.

— The new city government of Boston was inaugurated on Monday.

— Intelligence from Spain reports great suffering among the victims of the earthquakes, which still continue.

— Pneumonia is widely prevalent in New York city at the present time. The recent weather has been very favorable to it, and the proportion of cases that have proved fatal is pronounced unprecedented.

— There seems to be no doubt that the $100,000 necessary to relieve Gen. Grant from his obligations to Mr. Vanderbilt will be raised very soon.

— Oscar Wilde says that a Lancashire girl, with a shawl over her shoulders and wearing clogs, knew more about dress than a fashionable London lady just returned from Paris, because in the former case there was comfort, and in the latter case discomfort.

— Lord Coleridge says he was struck, while in this country, with the absence of childhood. We defer to our children, ask their opinions, allow them to engross the general attention, force social obligations on them, and make grown children of them before English children have left the nursery. Children by us are fast becoming the dread and horror of self respecting people of maturity. It is going to be all it is worth to live in the next generation.

— The New England Ship Owners' Association have heartily endorsed the new Spanish treaty.

— The slight increase of the public debt during December is ascribed by Secretary McCulloch to the fact that there has been a great falling off of the revenues.

— The opposition in Congress to the Nicaraguan treaty is very strong, many members think they see a big job in it.

— Earnest efforts are making in Congress to place General Grant on the retired list. He would in that case receive $17,500 a year during his life.

— The great Brooklyn bridge does not prove a paying institution as yet. It must earn $252,000 a year in order to provide the sinking fund required by law for the bonds issued by the two cities.

— The London Times recommends Mr. Gladstone and his cabinet to resign at once.

— You can go now from Chicago to New York, or vice versa, for fourteen dollars.

— The new mayor of Boston recommends that the Legislature be petitioned for a law rendering it impossible to establish a higher tax rate than $15 per thousand.

— Matthew Arnold celebrated his 62nd birthday on Christmas eve.

— Mr. Gladstone's illness, it is feared, is more serious than the published accounts admit. He is suffering from sleeplessness, and his illness is identical with that of two years ago.

— A Louisiana Congressman says that, if our Government does not prevent it, France would soon have naval stations on the Panama coast and its flag floating over De Lesseps canal.

TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT STRONGER THAN ANY OTHER BUTTER COLOR.

BURLINGTON, Vt., May 3d, 1882.

I hereby certify that I have examined the Butter Color prepared by Wells, Richardson & Co., and that the same is free from alkali or any other substance injurious to health; that I have compared it with some of the best of the other Butter Colors in the market, and find it to be more than twenty-five per cent. stronger in color than the best of the others.

I am satisfied that it is not liable to become rancid, or in any way to injure the butter. I have examined it after two months free exposure to the air in a place liable to large changes of temperature, and found no trace of rancidity, while other kinds similarly exposed became rancid.

A. H. SABIN,
Prof. Chemistry, University of Vermont.

☞ Ayer's Hair Vigor, for dressing the hair and promoting its growth; an indispensable toilet article.

☞ TAKE IN SEASON DR. GRAVES' HEART REGULATOR, time but strengthens the bold Heart Disease has on you; the Heart Regulator will give you relief. thousands say so. Free samples of Dr. E. Ingalls, Cambridge, Mass. $1.00 per bottle.

— Of the area of California nearly one hundred million acres are estimated to be unavailable for pasture. And there are about five million acres of desert land.

☞ Young or middle-aged men suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses should send free their address for an illustrated treatise suggesting sure means of cure. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

BUTTER, CHEESE AND EGGS.

BOSTON BUTTER MARKET.

Butter and cheese are steady. Northern cream ery at 26@27c; New York and Vermont dairy at 24@25c; Franklin county at 26c; fair to good at 22@24c; long dairies at 15@20c; fancy higher; choice Western fresh-made creamery at 29@30c; fine creamery at 24@26c, Western dairy at 17@18c; ladle-packed at 16@18c; do fair to good at 10@15c; imitation creamery choice at 20c. Jobbing prices range higher than these quotations.

BOSTON CHEESE MARKET.

Choice Northern at 12½@12¾c; lower grades according to quality; Western at 11@11¾c.

BOSTON EGG MARKET.

Eggs unchanged. Fresh Eastern at 28@29c; fancy at 30c; held stock at 18@25c; fresh Northern at 26@27c; New York at 27@28c; Vermont at 27@28c; Western at 24@25c; limed Eastern at 20@21c; Canada do at 20c; Western do at 19¼@20c.

TOLEDO, Jan. 5.—Wheat excited; No. 2 red at 82c bid; No. 2 soft at 85@86c. Corn strong; No. 2 cash at 41. Oats dull; No. 2 white at 28¼c; No. 2 at 27½c bid.

MILWAUKEE, Jan. 5.—Flour advanced 10@15c. Wheat feverish; No. 2 Milwaukee at 79½c. Corn higher; No. 3 at 37@38c. Oats firmer; No. 2 at 27@28c; No. 2 white at 29½c. Rye firm; No. 1 at 53c. Barley quiet; No. 2 spring at 52c; No. 3 do extra at 45c bid.

MARRIAGES.

In Charlestown, Jan. 1st, by Rev. W. F. Davis, Mr. Chas. H. Bryant of Wareham to Miss Lena S. Meyers of Charlestown.

In Scituate, Jan. 1st, by Rev. Nathaniel Seaver, Jr., Charles Bar lett Tolman to Miss Jennie Ives Clapp, both of Scituate.

In Norton, Jan. 5th, by Rev. J. P. Lane, Hon. H. C. Joyner of Great Barrington to Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of Samuel Wild, Esq., of Norton.

In Newburyport, Dec. 31st, by Rev. S. J. Spalding, Frank L. Moody of Lynn to Miss Lettie J. Dow of Newburyport.

In Kingston, N. H., Dec. 25th, by Rev. P. S. Boyd, Dr. H. J. Sweezey of Hanover, Mass., to Miss Ellen J. Towle of Kingston.

DEATHS.

In this city, Jan. 4th, J. Thomas Davis, 74 years 4 months.

In Newtonville, Jan. 5th, Daniel Harrington, 67 years.

In Old Cambridge, Jan. 5th, Deacon Edmund Haynes, 85 years 8 months.

In Falmouth, Mass., Jan. 4th, Prince G. Moore, 75 years.

In Quincy Point, Mass., Jan., Deacon George Thomas, 77 years 8 months.

In Brighton, Jan. 3d, Mrs. Amelia Gillison, 84 years 10 months.

In Arlington, Jan. 3d, Thomas Ramsdell, 71 years.

In Malden, Jan. 4th, Mary Sawyer Sargeant, widow of the late Rev. A. D. Sargeant, 80 years 2 months.

In Woburn, Mass., Jan. 3d, Emily O., wife of Nathan

HUNT'S KIDNEY & LIVER REMEDY NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL

IT CURES WHEN ALL OTHER MEDICINES FAIL, as it acts DIRECTLY on the KIDNEYS, LIVER and BOWELS, restoring them to a healthy action. It is a safe, sure and speedy cure and hundreds have been cured by it when physicians and friends had given them up to die.

IT IS BOTH A SAFE CURE and a SPECIFIC.

It CURES all Diseases of the Kidneys, Liver, Bladder and Urinary Organs; Dropsy, Gravel, Diabetes, Bright's Disease, Nervous Diseases, Excesses, Female Weaknesses, Jaundice, Biliousness, Headache, Sour Stomach, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Piles, Pains in the Back, Loins, or Side, Retention or Non-Retention of Urine.

$1.25 AT DRUGGISTS.

TAKE NO OTHER. Send for Illustrated Pamphlet of Solid Testimonials of Absolute Cures.

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HIGHEST AWARD!

A SILVER MEDAL, at the 134th Annual Exhibition, 1884, of the Massachusetts Charitable Mechanic Association.

STOVER WINDMILL.

This old and reliable mill is the simplest, most practical and most durable Windmill made. Every farmer or other person intending to purchase a mill should examine it. It takes care of itself in gales, has but few parts, is easily set, runs in the best satisfaction, ball-bearings, which make no noise, and has no superior in power or workmanship. Send for catalogue and testimonials.

HENRY W. PEABODY & CO., Sole New England Agents, 114 State Street, Boston.

nov22-13

BOSTON

OZONE WATER

An Invaluable Remedy for

Dyspepsia and Nervous Prostration.

[illegible] Street, Boston, May 11, 1883.

I have used it with great benefit, having been a sufferer [illegible] with dyspepsia and nervousness. I have found a world of my troubles in the use of it, and feel very much relieved. A great deal of good from it.

Yours very truly, E. A. CARTER.

RHEUMATISM.

Boston, Sept. 18th, 1884.

Having been afflicted with a severe attack of rheumatism, I was advised to try OZONE WATER, and after [illegible] was entirely relieved. I therefore recommend it to any one troubled with rheumatism.

JOHN F. MACKLIAF, Merchant, 88 Sudbury St., Boston.

CATARRH AND HEART DISEASE.

"One girl in my employ had the catarrh so bad that if she were in the room but five minutes the air was so offensive we could not stand it. She commenced using OZONE WATER and was entirely relieved. [illegible] effect on my son's wife, who suffered with [illegible] catarrh. Manufacturer, Beverly, Mass.

IT IS A PERFECT DISINFECTANT.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS. Pamphlet free.

THE CHEMICAL OZONE MFG. CO., 124 and 126 PURCHASE ST., BOSTON.

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EDMUND H. BENNETT,

Office No. 10 Tremont Street,

(Near the Museum.)

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO LAND AND FARMING QUESTIONS.

At the Elevator. oct18-tf

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PEARLINE

THE BEST THING KNOWN FOR WASHING AND BLEACHING

IN HARD OR SOFT, HOT OR COLD WATER.

SAVES LABOR, TIME and SOAP AMAZINGLY, and gives universal satisfaction. No family, rich or poor should be without it. For sale by all Grocers. BEWARE of imitations and [illegible] designed to mislead. PEARLINE is the ONLY SAFE labor-saving compound, and always bears the above symbol, and name of JAMES PYLE, NEW YORK.

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Graters, Elevators, Boilers Engines, Shafting Pulleys, &c. MAGNESIA PATENT FILTER, RAPID for Cider and Sugars. Address

O. F. BOOMER,

47 Brookline Ave., Boston, Mass.

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The most popular Weekly newspaper devoted to science, mechanics, engineering, inventions and patents ever published. Every number illustrated with splendid engravings. The publication furnishes a most reliable source of information which every person should be without. The popularity of the Scientific American is shown by the fact that its circulation nearly equals that of all other papers of its class published. Price, $3.20 a year. Discount to clubs. Sold by all newsdealers. MUNN & CO., Publishers, No. 261 Broadway, N. Y.

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BOSTON ALMANAC

For 1885.

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Contains The Standard Time,
Business Directory,
Street Directory,
Events of Past Year,
Members of Congress,
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Mass. State Government,
Judiciary,
City Officers,
Express List,
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AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

— The estimated cost of raising and marketing an acre of wheat in Nebraska is from nine to twelve dollars per acre.

— The wire fence is slowly disappearing in Wyoming Territory and it is thought that cattle dealers will soon do away with it altogether.

— A Chicago elevator burst the other day and 80,000 bushels of wheat spread all out on the wharves.

— Minneapolis and St. Paul are heavy consumers of Limburger and Schweitzer Kase. Of 60,000 pounds turned out of a Swiss cheese factory this season the larger part was taken by these two Western cities.

— The local packers of pork products have sold stuff for export during the week ending December 14 to the amount of $80,000 worth. They have also killed 16,800 hogs as against 17,700 the previous week.

— German and Bavarian hops sell at about three times as much as our own native hops.

— The sowing of wheat in France is now about completed—the acreage is less than that of last year owing to the low prices that have been ruling for wheat this fall.

— The poultry show in London was a tremendous success and a great number of very valuable prizes were awarded.

— The raisin culture of California is becoming a very important industry and grape districts are more valuable.

— The New England Milk Producers Association from a membership of eighty-six a year ago, now counts nearly eight hundred names on its lists.

— Cooperation between milk producers and milk consumers is what is absolutely required to remove all difficulties and furnish a full supply of pure and unadulterated milk.

— The average farmer has too much land—more than he can properly cultivate.

— Large yields of potatoes this season in the humid atmosphere of the Pacific and in Aroos took County, Me. In this latter place yields have been reported as high as 400 bushels per acre and there are thirty-five starch factories, consuming 60,000 bushels of potatoes a day when in full operation. Massachusetts did not have as large a crop this year as last.

— To make good cider, good apples must alone be used and the presses kept clean.

— Agriculture is the prime basis and source of all the wealth and power.

— Hay is lower in price of late.

— Flour from Washington Territory is yellow in color.

— The outlook of the butter markets seems likely to remain for some time in favor of buyers.

— "A worm is destroying the fine trees of South Carolina." The worms and turpentine men will in a few years have no fine trees to work upon.

— If garden soil is worked over late in the Fall as late as weather will allow, much benefit will accrue.

— Sage orange hedges winter kill in low places. The honey locust is seldom injured.

— Do not over water house plants. Give no more than is absolutely essential.

— The codling moth has a good taste for rich fruit and takes care that its larvæ get the first bite of the best.

— Where stock run in pasture the droppings do but very little good.

— Pasture droppings should be broken up with a chain harrow so that their fertility may be washed into the soil.

— Tillage increases rainfall.

— Droughts are less frequent in the West than they were some thirty years ago.

— The wheat crop thirty years ago averaged only nine bushels to the acre. Now it is twenty or thirteen. In England the wheat crop has averaged twenty-nine bushels per acre for years.

— Moist soil is good for the willow, especially basket willows, but it is not necessary to plant them in swamps.

— Pullman, Ill. successfully and profitably uses city sewage which is pumped three miles through pipes to a sewage farm.

— A single shipment of apples from Annapolis County, Nova Scotia, amounted to 50,000 barrels.

— In dry seasons the maple sap is richer in sugar.

— Prickly comfrey has been suggested as a green manure. It is equally as useless as horse radish for this purpose.

— The poorer qualities of wool are produced in the extreme Southwest on native Mexican sheep.

— The cow pea of the South is a bean.

— Sheep will more quickly destroy a pasture than any other stock as they gnaw down to the root.

— A little salt on the manure heap is beneficial.

—Cheese is now sold that contains not a single ingredient of milk. It is lard and coloring matter.

—The Poland China sows are the best to cross with the smaller breeds.

—The seeds of evergreen, must be sown in the fall soon after they ripen.

— Evergreen seeds do not always germinate readily.

— The hop is a pretty vine for general ornamentation.

— Keep poultry warm and free from vermin during the winter.

—If you have plenty of help cut the fodder for cattle before feeding.

— Mulching of the ground is said to prevent mildew in gooseberries.

— Clay ground should not be worked when very dry. Sand, if it can be cheaply applied, is the best of all top dressing.

— Salt on asparagus beds in inland districts is necessary. Apply in the Spring 25 or 30 bushels to the acre.

— Maine farmers are selling their sheep as rapidly as they can. A mistaken course.

— The average egg producing capacity of the hens of Massachusetts is eighty-six eggs per year.

— In Norway and Holland, which are colder than England or France, sheep live out of doors all the year around without any inconvenience.

— Onions bottom best on low moist land, where the soil is dark and mucky.

— Maple sap in the Autumn contains only 1½ per cent of sugar, while in the Spring it contains from 2½ to 3 per cent.

— The parasitic worms living within or on the outside of other animals generally have a sucker at one end.

— Scratches in horses frequently arise from impure blood.

— The practice of feeding unground wheat to other than poultry is a wasteful one.

— The months of December and November are those in which farmers have more to pay than any others during the year.

— Loose stones may be gathered into heaps while the weather is open and drawn off during the winter.

—Any food likely to impart a flow to the milk should be fed immediately after milking.

— Good stock properly fed will pay for feeding enough grain, oil cake or mill feed to make the manure valuable for all crops.

— Salt is a good preventive of worms in horses and colts.

— The exports from Boston during week ending Dec. 6 were 522,828 pounds of cheese and 21,936 barrels of apples.

— The eminent agricultural chemist, Dr. Voelcker, is dead.

— Our wool markets are on a relatively lower basis to-day than those of England.

— The total transactions in cheese for the year on the Utica, N. Y., board amount to 317,298 boxes.

— The ranchmen of the West want a national cattle drive from Texas to the Northern Pacific or farther. For this purpose they wish a strip of land ten miles wide through all the States and Territories from Texas up. The line proposed would be any where from 500 to 1000 miles in length, and if only six miles in width would involve at least 3000 square miles, 1,920,000 acres, of land. Most of this belong to the Government who has a right to bestow such a stupendous gift upon a few individuals.

The Staked Plain, a plateau in Northwestern Texas and eastern part of Mexico, covering 40,000 square miles, that its steppes "are no longer the barren deserts of the geography. Wells of splendid water are being dug, and the welcome fluid springs up any time after twenty feet has been dug. This water not only supplies stock, but enough is expected to be obtained to use successfully for irrigating purposes."

There are now 117 cotton seed oil mills in the United States, most of them in the South, and the competition between them has been so sharp that several have been obliged to suspend. It is said that $200,000 was sunk by the mills in Memphis last year.

Wolf hunts are the craze in some parts of Minnesota. They are conducted with horses and hounds.

HEALTH IS WEALTH.

It is worth more than riches, for without it riches cannot be enjoyed. How many people are without health who might regain it by using Kidney-Wort. It acts upon the Liver, Bowels and Kidneys, cleansing and stimulating them to healthy action. It cures all disorders of these important organs, purifies the blood and promotes the general health. Sold by all druggists. See advertisement.

It Will Save Your Life.

Everybody knows the symptoms attending coughs and colds, but the dangerous character of those ailments is not so well understood. When a cold settles upon the lungs, if the blood is tainted with Scrofula, or the system is weak, Catarrh or Consumption is sure to follow. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the only remedy that may be uniformly relied upon for the cure of coughs and colds. J. J. Rawson, Buckingham C. H., Va., writes: "For several weeks I suffered from a frightful cold, with cough and frequent

Spitting of Blood.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me entirely." Mrs. R. Campbell, Woodville, Ont., writes: "I was troubled, for five years, with an affection of the throat and lungs, coughing severely the whole time. I used different preparations, and was treated by several physicians, without effect. I finally tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and before finishing one bottle was completely cured." Dr. W. K. Gann, Monticello, Ky., writes: "I have been troubled with Bronchitis, since early youth, and am now 37 years of age. I owe my life to Ayer's Cherry Pectoral." Dr. J. H. Quirk, Fulton, Kans., writes: "Ayer's Cherry Pectoral saved my life twenty years ago. It is a favorite medicine in my family."

Catarrh prevails in this country to an alarming extent. It is a troublesome and disgusting disease, usually induced by neglected colds, and, if allowed to become chronic, produces Bronchitis, and often terminates in Consumption. Ernest H. Darrah, Tollesboro, Ky., writes: "A year ago I was afflicted with Catarrh. One bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral cured me." Miss Eva A. Hall, Ipswich, Mass., writes: "For any one who is troubled with Catarrh, there is nothing so helpful as Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.

It Cured Me

of this troublesome complaint, when other remedies afforded no relief." Dr. F. Schley, Fredericktown, Md., writes: "In pulmonary cases, of an acute character, or of catarrhal origin, I find Ayer's Cherry Pectoral invaluable." Dr. F. E. Page, Sandusky, Ohio, writes: "I have used Ayer's Cherry Pectoral in my practice, and, in connection with Ayer's Pills, find it an invaluable remedy for colds, coughs, and the inflammations that follow them upon the throat and lungs. We have no other remedy which I consider so sure in its effects." C. H. Pierce, Moline, Ill., writes: "Catarrh had nearly destroyed my sense of taste and smell. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral effected a complete cure."

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

Has effected many wonderful cures. Mrs. Mary K. Whitcomb, Hartford, Conn., writes: "Some years ago my mother had an obstinate cough, with severe pains in the chest, and several attacks of bleeding from the lungs. She was very much reduced in strength, and believed herself about to become a victim of Consumption. While in this condition, she was strongly recommended by Rev. Dr. Blanchard, of Lowell, Mass., to make a trial of

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Jan5-14t

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nov19-8teow

Free to All! A GOLD WATCH, LADIES WORK BOX.

The publishers of the Capitol City Home Guest, the well-known, illustrated and Family Magazine, make the following liberal offer for the next 30 days: On the 1st day of March 1st, will receive a Solid Gold, Lady's Hunting Case Swiss Watch, worth $40. If there be more than one correct answer the second will receive a Solid Gold, Hunting Gentleman's Watch; the third, a key-winding English Watch, and each person sending a correct answer will receive a present. All presents will be mailed FREE, postpaid, three months' subscription to "HOME GUEST," and an Elegant Lady's Work Box. The latter is a beautifully finished and nicely assorted box, containing Silver Plated Thimble, 1 package Fancy Work Cotton, 1 package Embroidery Silk, assorted colors, 1 package Needles, 1 package Patchwork, 6 Easter Cards, 2 New Year Cards, 1 Lovely Birthday Card, and 1 Copy of "Ladies' Fancy Work Guide," containing illustrations and directions for all the latest designs in fancy work. The regular price of the above articles is $1.25, but in order to introduce them into those homes where they are not already known, they will send them all, post-paid for only 50 cts.

Publ'rs Home Guest, Hartford, Conn.

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This machine will cut sixty bushels an hour.

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Nervous Debility Quick permanent cure. Book free. Office Agency, 187 Fulton St., N.Y.

mh3-52t

MASSACHUSETTS HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.

John E. Russell of the State Board Discusses the Climate.

(Boston Herald's Report.)

The first of a series of meetings for the discussion of horticultural subjects was held by the Massachusetts Horticultural Society in the library of their building on Tremont street, Saturday, Jan. 3rd inst, and was well attended. Previous to the discussion, a meeting of the society was held. President John B. Moore of Concord, in his report alluded to the loss the Society had sustained in the decease of Hon. Francis B. Hayes, who was the first president to die in office. He was not only energetic and vigorous in the performance of his duties, an excellent presiding officer, urbane to all, but he took the deepest interest in horticulture, as was evinced by the library of the society and of his own. His estate in Lexington was growing to be one of the notable estates in the vicinity of Boston. His loss was the more to be deplored, for his contributions in flowers, fruits and trees had added greatly to the interest of the exhibition.

The awarding committee reported larger and better exhibitions, which had attracted more numerous attendances than ever before. The character of the exhibitions was very high, and the increase in receipts showed that the public was beginning to appreciate their beauty. The amount appropriated for 1883 1884 was $3450, and the committee recommended an increase of $5100 for the next year. The library is one of the best and most extensive libraries in the country, and the president stated that the privilege of its use alone was more valuable than the cost of membership. The chairman of the library committee asked for more room, and suggested that a gallery be built around the sides of the gallery. Since 1878, 1400 books and 750 pamphlets have been added, many rare and of great value. Many of these works are stored in other rooms, and so scant are the accommodations that many are placed in double rows in the library. The treasurer was unable to report, on account of the new settlement with the Mount Auburn Society, but the president announced that the society was in good condition. The building is valued at $250,000, and there is a mortgage on it for $60,000. Besides this, the society owes $12,000, and has over $10,000 securities, investments and cash.

The president alluded to the fact that in many States horticultural societies are encouraged. In Kansas $4500 has been given. He thought that the premiums given entitled the Massachusetts society to as much aid as the agricultural society, and urged the society to take appropriate action. Robert Manning was appointed librarian and secretary, and George W. Fowle treasurer and superintendent of the building by the executive committee for the ensuing year. The following appropriations were passed: $5100 for prizes; $300 to the library committee for the purchase of books; $100 for the card catalogue; $200 for the committee on publications and discussions. A committee of three was appointed to draw up resolutions appropriate to the death of F. Lyman Winship, for many years a member. John L. Gardner was elected a life, and Miss Annie C. Putnam an annual member. A vote of thanks was then tendered the president for his address, and it was referred to the executive committee.

Mr. John E. Russell,

Secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, was then introduced, his subject being announced as "Climate." He congratulated the society upon its work and its age, and then referred to the announcement of the subject of his lecture. He stated that the matter of title after the completion of a paper was a matter of great difficulty, and that possibly there would be something about climate in his remarks. There was undoubtedly more of climate in New England than anywhere else. His wide experience of climates in all parts of the world led him to believe that not even in the sunny Mediterranean, in the swelling Pacific and balmy Florida was there anything so perfectly delightful as the days of June poets have loved to rhyme about. There is comfort in the thought that it is only in a climate like that of Massachusetts and New England that we get such magnificent men. It is held by philosophical historians that the great calamities in the early part of our era in which civilization, law, etc., disappeared before the sweep of the barbarians, were not caused by the desire of conquest, but it was armed immigration seeking better climates. They were frozen out at home, and brought their mothers and young barbarians, their Scythian cavalry and coarse haired cattle, leaving their Arctic allegiance behind them, and the cold waters of the Don and Volga for the sunny slopes of the Arno and Guadalquivir. They were accustomed to the forests of birch and fir coated with ice, which they left for the oleander, ilex and elm. They clutched the grape, the fig, the orange and the rosy pomegranate. They were delighted with what they saw, and staked life on such immigration.

But these were not the causes that led to the Massachusetts settlement. Here it was not climate, but a thirst of the soul for free men, which led to the reckless attempt that caused so much suffering but led to the creation of a nation. There is no record of the state of their climate for the first hundred years of the settlement, but they bore everything without complaint. The climate doubtlessly changed but slight. There was one thing, however, that discommoded them; they were constantly troubled with drought. Looking at the State records are found the reports of drought in all seasons. The first summer began very early, for the village was begun in March. The 19th of April, 1775, was so warm that they nearly perished with heat; 100 years afterward there was trouble, not in having enough to eat, but to keep warm. The first sowings were unsuccessful, but in subsequent seasons the English seeds thrived well. There was probably little change in the climate. Indeed, not so much so as writers have assumed. Nor was there so much of forest as has been asserted. There was much clear land, and the Indians burned large tracts. Even in savage life it was necessary to plant seed, and all maize, potatoe, tomato, etc., came from the land of the sun. The Indian corn came to be the queen of cereals, for in 90 days from the time in which the seed was first planted in this country last season 1,800,000,000 bushels were raised.

The cocoa palm was alluded to as a remarkable example of immigration. Its natural country is said to be Ceylon. By chance falling into the water it can be borne for weeks, days and years, and floating onto some coral reef, will expand, burst and sprout, finally becoming a majestic tree. Massachusetts soil has received its share of plants, and has more specimens than any tract of similar size in the north temperate zone. In 1629 gardening and planting was the boast of the colony. On Oct. 10, 1639, the first peppers raised by Gov. Winthrop were seen in America. So great became the rage for them that quantity more than quality was desired. Pears were not neglected, and trees of the common kind grew to an immense size. It may be interesting to note that the canker worm was on the leaves awaiting the coming of the apple. The apple trees bore very fruitfully, and the produce was turned into cider. Trees making from seven to nine barrels of cider were very plenty. Every cellar was full of cider; it was bought, sold, and given away. But there were no nurseries, and a Massachusetts gentleman was compelled to resort to Flushing, New Jersey or South Carolina, or go to England for trees.

In 1792 some public spirited gentleman organized the first horticultural society, and from this time the pursuit of gardening increased. Now, said the speaker, in my annual visits to fairs in remote towns I see exhibitions of fruits and flowers that could not have been seen in the whole nation during my boyhood. Berries were confined to the wood and fields, when in 1839 the Hovey seedling was discovered, and that gentleman, I see, is sitting near me now. This berry was the envy of farmers, and in 1865 the fruit was further stimulated by Hon. Marshall P. Wilder. Now the list is as long as the British peerage. The gentleman then closed, touching upon the subject of floriculture and its progress.

A vote of thanks was tendered the speaker for his eloquent and interesting remarks, and the subject was then touched upon by Messrs. Hovey, Capen, Wetherell and others. Toward the close of the meeting Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, the veteran member and expresident, entered the room. On next Saturday Col. Wilson of Boston will speak on "Mulching."

THE CRUEL OVERCHECK REIN.

The Veterinary Journal says of the overcheck rein: The overcheck rein was originated by a horse jocky, whose horse when rapidly driven made a whistling noise. How any gentleman or lady of any tenderness of feeling and possessing ordinary intelligence can consent to ride behind a horse which is being tortured with such a silly contrivance of cruelty, is difficult to imagine.

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oct11-26teow

THE BIGGEST THING OUT Sent Free. (Send 2c. stamp.) E. NASON & CO., 120 Fulton St., New York. oct25-13t-ow

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

— A small cow is more profitable than a large one, as it requires less feed and often gives fully as large a yield. A lot of food is required by a large cow to supply mere animal heat and waste.

— The shipments of live stock and fresh meat from this port the past week amount to 776,567 pounds of beef, 128 carcasses of mutton, 588 live cattle and 405 live sheep.

— A New Hampshire farmer raised 980 bushels of Snow Flake potatoes from one and three quarter acres this season.

— Wolves are quite plentiful in certain localities of France and Germany and destroy large numbers of sheep.

— A ration of oats daily is good for young horses.

— Buckwheat and a little pepper will make hens lay, but causes them to lose their feathers.

— Warm stables save feeding of stock as they require less in a warm stable than a cold one.

— Churn milk at a temperature of 63° Fahrenheit.

— Clydesdales are too heavy for soft roads.

— Have an object in your farm work and stick to it; do not change with every new fever.

— Pure bred fowls are not as good or as profitable fatteners as crosses.

— Receipts of apples are not as large as a few weeks ago, but the market is well supplied and prices are without much improvement.

— Milk cans should be kept clean. It is fully as important as keeping the milk clean or rather the one depends upon the other.

— The Baldwin apple is a favorite desert apple.

— Early snows usually mean good pastures and good hay crops the following season.

— Scientific farming is all very well in its way, but too much reliance must not be placed upon isolated experiments by amateur agriculturists.

— Years ago Prof. Mapes had an experiment farm near Newark, N. J., and started a boom or craze in favor of soil analysis and special manures for special crops. This boom is periodically revived by interested parties.

— In Canada, the French Canadians drive their young horses in sleighs to break them in. They are not apt to be injured in the abundant snow.

—The amount of cotton taken by northern spinners since September 1, to December 1, shows a falling off from previous years, the decrease this year reaching to 142,401 bales.

— The Commissioner of Agriculture estimates the value of the agricultural productions of the United States for the year 1884 at fair average prices, at four thousand million dollars.

— Exports of agricultural products are now larger than at this time last year.

— There is less speculation than usual in the produce markets.

— The Poland-China swine are growing in favor.

— The United States consumes one million tons of sugar annually.

— The Boston pork packers have done a good business this year.

— At one time a difference was made between the Jersey and Alderney herds of cattle. In this country now little herds if they be distinct which is not at all likely, are called Jerseys. The name Alderney is still in use in England. The Guernsey is a larger boned and larger framed and has coarser points in every way than the Jersey—there are but few Guernseys in this country.

— A very formidable opposition is being organized in the House of the Mexican Treaty enabling act. One of the points to be made is that it discriminates against agricultural products.

— New regulations covering the importation of rags has been issued. Hereafter all foreign must be subjected to a disinfecting process, and importers may share either one of these methods explained by the Secretary of the Treasury.

— A man has squatted on the only land by which the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River can be reached, and charges visitors $12 for a sight of that remarkable specimen of nature's handiwork.

— Apples and potatoes are the popular form of tickets to church entertainments at this season of charitable needs. Each person upon entering the hall or vestry deposits his potato or apple in its proper receptacle and the tickets are afterward collected for distribution among the poor. By a simple method which phases from its novelty and ease, a fine collection is made towards the meagre winter store of the unfortunate.

—Germany threatens hostile measures toward American petroleum.

Brahma eggs bring a higher price in market than other eggs.

— Weeds are useful for one reason, and that is they make good cultivation necessary to success.

"THE BOY OF TO-DAY."

The boy is an upsetting thing in the house.

He has a holy horror of being useful about the house.

With all his faults he is lovable, and the hearts of the women go out to him.

There is scarcely a day in my life that I do not receive the testimony of some man as to the worth of their mothers to them.

There is in these lads of ours a high sense of honor and manliness when young.

What happens between them and when they stand in the criminal's dock? Some one has failed in their training.

Every mother must give her boy a careful training in personal morality.

Nature never pardons.

Though all men in the world may teach that there is a difference between private and public morality, do not accept that doctrine for a moment.

Every boy should be taught to respect womanhood.

If a lad does not get his social training early in life he never gets it. This is why we find great men sometimes exceedingly ill-bred.

Every boy should be trained to be an American citizen—and so should every girl.

—[Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

ROSES FOR THE POET WHITTIER.

On Wednesday, Dec. 20, the birthday of John G. Whittier, the pupils of the junior class of the Girls' High School sent him 77 choice roses in honor of his seventy seventh year. The class is now engaged in the study of his works. In reply, the poet on Friday sent the following:

To the Girls' High School, Junior Class, Boston:

The sun of life is sinking low,
Without a winter's falling snow,
Within your summer roses fall;
The heart of age your offering cheers,
You count in flowers my many years;
God bless you one and all.

PUT YOUR HAND

In a vice, turn the screw until the pain is all you can possibly bear, and that's Rheumatism; turn the screw once more, and that's Neuralgia. Such was the definition of these two diseases given his class by a Professor in a medical college, and he added: "Gentlemen, the medical profession knows no certain cure for either." The latter statement is no longer true, for it has been proved time and again that

ATHLOPHOROS

WILL CURE BOTH!

C. F. Tilton, Freeport, Ill., Engineer on C. & N. W. Ry., writes:

"Have been troubled with Rheumat

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE, -- BOSTON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1885.

...oet's Corner.

...NORED FOREMOTHERS.

[Springfield Republican.]

...st December go
...e this plan with love aglow,—
...should keep the memory
...e ones who crossed the sea
...e stern men, our Pilgrim sires,
...ed them build their altar fires
...ravage and rock-bound shore,
...eir red men roamed before.

"The ... day stood that day
Forming. ... from frozen spray;
... of by-gone days
The past w... ...ghery blaze:—
...main opening ... on high
...pal governor ... troth with none else nigh,
...aiming not the test would be
...e blank wilds beyond the sea!

... brought with them from afar
...com... that naught could mar;
... day would ever come
...ay should no more exiles roam,
For ... the forest dread
the ... breath a roof-tree dear,
... where angry billows foam,—
...ould fulfil sweet hopes of home.

...to that old rock by the sea
...tone with fadeless greenery,
...t that clinging womanhood
...e charm over the scene did brood.
...nd when the autumn again
...ining Plymouth slope and plain,
...ty thees the rock should garnished be,
...ir forewothers' memory!

...ladies' Department.

...CHRISTMAS DINNER.

STORY OF A FRENCH FLAT.

BY JOHN S. SHRIVER.

(Baltimore American.)

It was as far back as '59. He was a jovial, good-natured fellow, handsome and quick-witted—a man able to earn his living if he wished; but, alas! Philip Hill was lazy. Newspaper life was a different affair in those days from what it is now. Then a man could make a boy fall out of a tree in front of a saloon, mention the name of the proprietor in the paper, and become a bosom friend of said proprietor. Hill was a genius in arranging advertisements for his friends, and hence he was such a favorite. Poor fellow, he had married, because he happened to meet a girl with a pretty face that struck his fancy. He had married her on nothing, for she was as poor as he. Many is the night the sailors and newspaper men in those days were not paid much. The little woman was brave, and made the best of her bargain. She was happy because she loved her husband, and he was good-hearted and kind to her. Often they had hard times in their little rooms. They lived in a flat in a side street in the great city of New York; they were alone, and away from any one. Not exactly alone, for on the flat below them was another family living in the same circumstances. Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Stanley often had little confabs about their private lives, and had much in sympathy. Stanley was a clerk in an up-town store, and he, too, found hard to live on the pittance given him by his employer. He was different to Hill. He was with him life was hard, and fate unkind. He took on the dark side of this world, and foresaw all evil before the shadow was visible. Hill lived an easy, devil-may-care life. The world owed him a living, and it was to give it him. Perhaps the occupations of the two made them as they were. Hill lived from something to happen to give him work. Stanley into money. Stanley had the facts, in shape of dry goods, always before him, and even when they were turned into money he saw little of it. His was a humdrum life—measuring out calico by the yard or tempting the fickle desires of the wealthy with bright ribbons and laces. Hill often laughed at Stanley and told him to be cheerful, to trust to luck for a better time; but Stanley slowly shook his head and plodded on.

It was near Christmas in this year of '59, and the two little families were—as every one generally is—making preparations for the holiday. Luck seemed bright with Hill. There is always some unlucky one who tires of this life even at Christmas time, and kills himself, or, worse still, kills some one else. In such meat our hero was growing fat. At this time nearly all the newsgatherers on the great dailies were 'space men'—paid for the copy written and matter used in the paper only. Hill was a favorite with the city editor, and, having a friend at court, was indeed in luck. He made his wife very happy by giving her a goodly sum each week, and she in turn had made the money go as far as an economical housewife should. All was well until, indeed, Christmas week. Then there came a crash. A great defalcation was discovered in the house of Premium & Payment, where Stanley was employed. The loss was great, and caused a temporary suspension of the firm. The closing of the great house at this busy season was a blow that hurt many. Stanley came home to his wife utterly broke down. They had been living so close to their income that this misfortune left them with almost nothing. In vain did she try to cheer her husband up and tell him that all would be right. For two days he refused all comfort, but one morning he started out determined to find work.

As luck would have it, it fell to Hill's lot to 'write up' the defalcation, and thus Stanley's loss was Hill's gain. The job was a good one, and Hill found his pile for Christmas shopping increasing each day as he took up the paper and saw the news of the defalcation growing column by column.

It was Christmas Eve, and Hill had gone home. His heart was light, and his pocket was well filled. There was a cheery fire in the sitting-room, and all real pleasure to sit beside the little wife and hear her talk of the coming day.

'I have not purchased a single thing for dinner,' she says, 'for Phil, I thought you would like to buy everything. Do you remember our first Christmas dinner? You had not been very busy, and we had to be content with a chicken and potatoes; but we enjoyed it.' And the little woman looked up into her husband's face to see if there was any trace of recollection there.

'Do I?' he said, patting her cheek. 'I should say I did; but, dear, it will not be such to-morrow. I have saved money to buy a great dinner, and we'll have it—yes, dinner with turkey and trimmings, and money to buy you a nice Christmas present, too.'

Mrs. Hill busied herself about the little room and laid the cloth for supper. Soon the two were laughing and talking across their humble board, thinking of the feast of the morrow.

Down stairs it was different. For three nights Stanley had come home more downcast as the days grew. He had wandered about the great city looking for employment. Each place brought the same answer: 'No one needed at that time.' The happy faces that greeted him in his rambles about the streets exasperated him. Why should people be so happy and gay while he was so sad? Why should people spend money so recklessly while he needed a few dollars for the very necessities of life?

Each night the brave little wife found it a hard task to cheer her husband. Her hopes had proven false, and her words of cheer only empty mockeries. She indeed saw that the worst was to come. The little savings had gone. They had absolutely nothing in the house save a frugal meal, which Mrs. Stanley was now preparing.

'Why shall we eat to-night?' asked Stanley, as he saw his wife getting the tea table ready; 'we'll only be hungry in the house to eat all the long day.'

'Sufficient the day the evil thereof,' was his wife's reply. 'If the worst comes to the worst, Mrs. Hill will let us have something for our Christmas dinner. Her husband has been very busy this week, and they will be able to spare something.'

'I would rather starve than ask them for ...d,' was Stanley's cruel reply.

'...ould not,' said Mrs. Stanley, as she sat down to eat her bread and drink her tea.

* * * * * * *

The door of a large greengrocer's opened. A blast of wind, accompanied by a whisk of snow, blew into the store. A man carrying a large market basket emerged as the wind and snow entered. 'Merry Christmas!' was shouted after him. He waved his empty arm at the well-wishers and strode away into the night. The basket was heavy, for it was well loaded with good things; a big fat turkey lay triumphantly on the top of a pile of potatoes. It was surrounded by a garnish of deep red carrots, light green tips of celery, with the ivory white stalks, blushing red apples were relieved by the warm glow of oranges; hidden away beneath the tempting fruit were winter vegetables, while protruding out at the side was the neck of what appeared to be a portly bottle of wine.

'A special treat for the little woman,' Hill had said when he purchased it.

The happiness of the hour made the burden light. As Hill walked over the sidewalk, crunching the white snow under his heavy boots, a happier man did not live in New York. The streets were crowded, as is usual on Christmas Eve. Every one seemed intent upon his own affairs; each hurried along on their way. One seemed to catch the infection. 'Peace on earth, good will toward men.' Hill had made up his mind to go home at once. He was not working that day, having resolved to take a holiday. The snow was drifting. He did not notice, until he had run into them, two men standing on a corner. The men, too, had their backs to him. When the heavy basket hit one in the side with a sharp blow he turned with anything but a pleasant remark. The words had hardly left the speaker's mouth when he shouted:

'Will you believe your eyes? It's Phil Hill, and he's got a market basket, and full, at that!'

Hill stopped, and by the aid of the street lamp recognized two fellow-newspaper men.

A conversation followed.

'No, I can't go with you to-night,' Phil was saying, as he was about to move away. 'My wife is home waiting for me, and I promised to be home early. It is near midnight now, and I've got this infernal basket to carry. Sorry, but I can't join you.'

'We won't keep you late,' urged Brown, one of his friends. 'Jones, here, is awfully lucky to-night, and old man Branson says he expects all the newspaper boys to call on him to-night. He has prepared a hot lunch for us, and you'll find all the boys there.'

The temptation was great. Hill wavered. Branson's was a favorite resort with 'the boys.' It was a place where they got their midnight lunches and their beer. The old man had bought a number of turkeys, and was going to have a Christmas raffle. Hill knew if he went he would not reach home until late; yet he thought that perhaps, after all, his wife had gone to bed, so as to be ready for the holiday to-morrow.

Thus excusing his own weakness, he suffered himself to be led away. He found both Brown and Jones willing to assist him with his burden—and at the same time help themselves to his apples. Branson's was not far from the place he had met his friends. Soon the trio were there. The old man greeted them heartily. He put Hill's basket away in a safe place behind the counter, telling his guests to make themselves at home. This was easy; a congenial crowd had gathered in the little room. At one table a party were playing 'pitch,' preventing themselves from getting too dry by drinking beer. At the pool table there was a party of six or seven trying to pocket the balls, and thus save themselves an additional expense for drinks. The real amusement, the raffling of the evening, had not begun. Hill was uncomfortable at first; soon the lights, the tobacco smoke and the merry hum of voices brought back his old feelings of carelessness. Before long he was one of the party at the card table. The lunch was served at midnight; then the raffling began. The chances were but ten cents, the winner having the choice of money or bird. Excited little groups hung about the table in the centre of the room while the rafflers shook the dice. Beer flowed freely. Egg-nogg and toddy were introduced. More than one felt the liquor to some extent, but the excitement was at its height, and no one cared.

Hill had saved several dollars from his market fund, but they soon melted away. In their place a phantom march of empty glasses floated before his eyes. These he did not care to see. In vain, to hide them, did he tempt fortune and throw the dice; in vain did he tie Jones in the highest throw for the turkey. Invariably did Jones beat him. Jones was in luck—Hill was not.

The night grew apace.

One by one the men left the place; still Hill remained. It was nearing 2 o'clock, and there were few remaining. His friends, Brown and Jones, had gone, and how long Hill would have remained is hard to tell. A scuffle started in the back part of the room.

Several rough strangers had entered the place. Words had passed between the two. Blows followed words, and there was a prospect of a lively row.

The excitement somewhat sobered Hill. He was up in an instant. Like a flood of light his night's work rushed through his mind. He thought of his wife, and, securing his basket, he started out of the place. The basket seemed to have grown heavier; the snow certainly was deeper. With difficulty he walked. The streets were deserted but the man and his burden plodded along. Each step seemed harder for him. The journey came to an end at last. When Hill reached his home he stood for awhile to collect his thoughts. He contemplated the stairs that led to his flat. It was in the fourth story. After reaching inside the door-way for awhile he began his ascent.

Up, up he went, until at last his legs refused to go.

'This must be my door,' he thought, as he put the basket down on the mat. 'Now for my key.'

He felt in his pockets, but found no trace of it.

'How stupid of me! I remember I unlocked the trunk in the room before I came out, and left my keys in the lock. The only thing for me to do is to go down stairs and get the extra key from the janitor. I'd rather wake him than arouse my wife,' he mused, especially as I am in a rather unpresentable condition.' As he turned he stumbled and fell. Quickly regaining his feet, he turned and went down the steps in doublequick time.

* * * * * * *

Stanley had passed the night in a far different manner. He refused to eat. His wife tried to make his burden lighter, but in vain.

'Otho, trust to the good Lord, and all yet will be right. We have had bitter experience before this. Let us be thankful that it is not worse. We have have our rent paid. We have fuel to keep us warm, and if the Lord sent the ravens to feed Elijah, certainly he will not forget us.'

Stanley muttered something, but his wife did not listen. When she finished her meal she washed the dishes and put them away. Taking out her Bible she read for some time. Stanley got up and left the house. He wandered around the street for an hour or two. His feet led him aimlessly. He cared not where he went. It was midnight before he returned. He went slowly up the steps and stopped outside the door. Inside he heard a voice. It was raised in supplication and prayer.

He paused and listened. His wife was praying to the Lord to aid them in their suffering and to send them relief. As he listened, she finished:

'Again I say, Thy will be done. Help me bear my burden. Amen.'

Tears sprang to the man's eyes. He sank upon his knees, and from his heart came the echo of his wife's Amen. He arose, but did not have the courage to enter. He went on the sofa.' He did so, and the next morning his wife found him snoring on the lounge.

This is a pretty way to spend your Christmas Eve,' she said as she woke him. She was not angry, but her voice did not contain that terrible amount of ire that the words would lead one to suppose.

Hill started up. He looked around him in a half dazed condition.

'Where is the basket of good things you were to bring home?' his wife asked.

He stared at her.

For some minutes he did not speak. Then he smiled and said: 'I confess I did wrong last night. Men are liable to go wrong on Christmas Eve; but you need not play innocent and try to scare me by asking for the basket. You know you took it in yourself.'

It was her turn to be surprised.

'Took it in! Indeed, Phil, I have not seen it. You must have left it down stairs or lost it.'

Phil rubbed his eyes and sat upright.

'Lost it!' he exclaimed. 'No, ma'am; I was not so far gone as to forget that. I brought the basket straight home. I left it on the doorstep outside our door and went down stairs to get the janitor's key, so as not to disturb you. My keys are there in the trunk. See?' and Hill pointed to them.

The husband and wife began to understand each other. Hill was not satisfied until he had searched every hole and corner of the rooms. Then he began to realize his loss.

'Never mind, Phil,' said his wife; 'we can go out and buy something else. I will forego my Christmas gift. We want to have a good dinner. We can do better than that; for us, and you'll find all the boys there.'

All Phil did was to turn his pockets inside out. There was not so much as an old button inside. His wife then knew the truth. He explained all to her. She, like the good wife she had always been, said she did not care.

'We've got some potatoes and the cold roast beef. I'll hash the latter, and we can have a royal dinner.'

Though she said this with a cheerful face, her heart was sad, and she shed a few silent tears in the privacy of her own room. Hill made a few inquiries for his missing basket. But he did not care to investigate too much for fear of exposing himself. He went out for a few hours in the morning. When he came home he found his wife in tears. The cold had eaten the beef, and the potatoes hardly made a Christmas dinner.

'Just my luck,' said Phil, as he thrust his hands deep into his empty pockets. He had tried that morning to borrow some money, but without avail. Mrs. Hill was preparing to have her frugal dish of potatoes, when there was a rap at the door. In walked Mrs. Stanley with a smiling face.

The Hills were not in a condition to receive company, and the visitor saw it. She began at once.

'I am afraid I am late in my invitation, but Otho told me to come up anyhow, and ask you would you come down and take Christmas dinner with us.'

Phil looked at his wife. Tears of joy were in her eyes. She rushed towards Mrs. Stanley, and kissing her, exclaimed, 'You are, indeed, an angel. We will come, and for my dinner has spoiled, and we were just wondering where we would go.'

Phil turned and looked out of the window for a moment, to hide his blushes, perhaps. Then he turned and thanked Mrs. Stanley for her invitation.

* * * * * * *

It was a merry party of four that gathered at the little table in Stanley's apartments that afternoon. The dinner so far had been a great success. The turkey was nicely browned and the vegetables beautifully cooked. They laughed and talked. Each had forgotten their troubles of the previous day. With the fruit, Stanley brought in his glasses. He then produced a bottle—a pony looking bottle of wine. Hill's eyes sparkled when he saw it. He looked again, and thought he recognized it.

'I have a little story to tell,' said Stanley, as he began to uncork the bottle.

'First fill your glasses, and I will tell it.'

He poured out the wine, and while they ate the fruit and drank he told the tale of the night before—how his wife had prayed, how Hill had been saved, and how they were enjoying the feast provided by an unknown hand.

Mrs. Hill looked at her husband, and he, in turn, grew red in the face and nervous. Stanley noticed it, but finished his story. As he closed he turned suddenly towards Hill. 'You know something about it,' he exclaimed.

Poor Hill said 'No,' but his face betrayed him.

Stanley forced a confession from him.

'I am glad it happened as it did,' said Mrs. Hill, 'because it saved me the cooking.'

IN THE LIGHT-HOUSE.

A NEW YEAR'S STORY OF SPECIAL PROVIDENCE.

It was the last day in the old year, and yet it did not seem much like winter, though the maple trees were bare and the flowers all dead. The oaks were covered thickly with leaves. True, when the wind blew, it rustled through brown, dry foliage, very different to the living tints of months back; but when you looked at the soft, muddy roads, or the clear blue sky, you scarcely realized that it was just past Christmas. John Hudson, keeper of the lighthouse at Fishing point, was brushing his weather-beaten coat (once black, now almost a sage green), was giving parting directions to John Hudson, Jr.,—called 'Jack' by his familiars. 'Now mind and don't set the house on fire while I am gone. I must fix that chimney when I get back, or we'll be burnt out yet; and don't take to fooling with the oil—there isn't much of it left now. There's that cord of wood in the yard; I guess you had better fill the wood boxes, and pick up a bit. I expect the inspector will be round before long, and we want to have everything tasi and trim when he comes. Get your dinner when you're ready; I may be back in time, and I may not, with all these errands to do in the village; but, anyhow, I will be at home this afternoon. Good by, sonny,' and he tramped briskly away through the trees.

'Stub! Stub! here, sir. You must stay home with me. Father don't want you. There's a rat, sure's I live! Sick it, Stub! S-s s—sick it!'

'Now,' said Jack, after an exciting chase, in which boy and dog had howled and barked a most powerful duet, 'now, Stub, we'll wash the breakfast dishes—wont we?'

Stub looked a knowing assent, and sat gravely on a chair while he first knocked the cat off,) while Jack washed and dried the few dishes as deft as a girl. He had lived here as long as he could remember. His only recollection was looking at the bright reflector upstairs, and seeing in it a sweet, loving face, with tender blue eyes near his own. His next memory of the face was in a coffin, pale and still, while his father held his hand, and the midister from the village spoke in a low, sad tone. But this was years ago, when Jack was (as he would inform you) 'only a little fellow.' Now, from his dignified age of 10 years, he felt himself owner of the man's estate. His father was a sailor, but in consequence of losing one of his fingers in the icy regions of the north, he had to accept the position of light house keeper—loving the sea too well to think for a moment of any work further inland. Such stories as he used to tell Jack in the winter days when they would be cut off by snowdrifts from the rest of the world. Such thrilling adventures delighted the boy's ears in the long solitary evenings. Stories of the time on Labrador, when a tremendous whale capsized a boat's crew, and two men got drowned; of the mutiny that once broke out on the Fair Betsy, and the sneaking Italian who got put in irons for starting it.

Jack would go to bed with a 'creepy' kind of feeling after these stories, but the morning light always drove away the shadows, and he would vow to himself never to let such ridiculous stories frighten him again. 'Stub, let's play Robinson Crusoe in the yard, now that the dishes are all washed; Jane (to the cat), you can come too, if you want,' said Jack, opening the door. Stub accepted the invitation for himself and Jane by making a dart at her as she lay blinking near the stove, and rushing her out of doors with scant ceremony.

'This shed shall be the cave, and I'll wear father's fur cap and be Robinson Crusoe. You can be Friday, Stub. You are black and you don't know much; and Jane shall sit up here on the wood pile and be the parrot. Now, Friday, you just stay there while I go to get some sticks for the wood box;' and Jack, making his work into play, worked with a will, while the waves romped and tossed about on the shore like merry children, and a little grey cloud, no bigger than a man's hand, rose slowly in the north and made another dash of color in the brilliant sky.

'Why, I declare! it it ain't going to snow! I wish father would hurry up. How quickly the clouds have come, and they look heavy, too, as if they were bursting with piles of snow flakes hid away in them. My! wont it be jolly coasting, though! It hasn't been half a winter yet—no snow, except a little that melted right away, and none of the ponds frozen over. I guess I had better see if my sled's all right;' and away Jack ran on his hollow pretence, this delightful piece of self delusion about the condition of the 'Artful Dodger;' for had he not examined all he knew was that his father said, patting his head: 'God bless you, sonny. If it hadn't been for the light shining through the darkness of that awful night, I shouldn't have been alive to take care of you now.' And Jack thought this quite made up for the long, weary weeks of pain before he could use his lame foot again.—(Selected.

AT THE EXHIBITION.

HOW A YOUNG WIFE FOUND HER HUSBAND.

'I do feel so sorry for your niece, Mrs. Cleveland; she seems such a sweet, gentle girl, it is terrible for her to be widowed so early!'

'Evelyn is not a widow,' said Mrs. Cleveland, rather stiffly; 'she is separated from her husband, whose regiment is abroad. Then you have decided to accompany us to the Health Exhibition this afternoon, Miss Bulstrode?'

'Oh, yes! I don't know what they would say if I told them on my return to Devonshire that I had not been there.'

'It is a very tiring place,' said Mrs. Cleveland, languidly; 'but you ought to go, as you are in town, and the evenig illuminations are worth seeing. Here is Evelyn; she will find out a train to Charing Cross, where Mr. Cleveland will meet us, and then I suppose we shall take the District Railway.'

Miss Bulstrode, an elderly spinster who had outlived an interest in the well-being of her fellow-creatures, welcomed young Mrs. Strachan with a smile, but her eyes rested sadly on the fair, girlish face as it bent over the South Eastern time-table. Miss Bulstrode knew very little of the Cleveland household, save that they were friends and neighbors of the aged cousin whom she was visiting in Blackheath, but she had always concluded that Mr. Strachan was dead, and she did not like to associate any painful mystery with Evelyn.

'Her face seems made for smiles,' she thought, studying the brown eyes, the dimples, and the soft, child-like chin; 'I do hope life holds sunshine yet for the poor girl. Her aunt seems to have very little heart, and Evelyn must find her position a trying and peculiar one among her gay, society-loving cousins.'

Old Mrs. Forrester, Miss Bulstrode's relation, was in stronger health than usual, and able to come down stairs to her meals. Miss Bulstrode found her quite chatty at lunch, and soon asked, with real sympathy and interest, if she knew the particulars of young Mrs. Strachan's separation.

'She was married at 19,' said Mrs. Forrester, 'soon after her poor mother's losses caused her sudden death, and left Evelyn penniless. I fancy the child scarcely knew her own mind; she was a spoilt, wilful girl in those days, and evidently longed to escape from her uncle's house, where she was not specially welcome. The Clevelands seemed to hurry on the marriage, but it proved a most unhappy one, owing to Evelyn's naturally passionate temper, which her poor mother had never checked.'

'She appears to me so remarkably gentle and patient,' said Miss Bulstrode, in surprise; 'I have watched her closely, and seen her repress irritable words that must have risen to her lips when her aunt has been specially sarcastic.'

'Yes, she is very different now; I often think Maj. Strachan would scarcely recognize his young wife could he see her again.'

'How long have they been separated?'

'About three or four years. I have heard that in one of her fits of temper, when she was nervous about taking some part in a theatrical part at a public bazaar, Evelyn told her husband she had only married him for a home, and he, being much attached to her was painfully hurt and wounded. Still, it was foolish of the man to propose a separation, for I am sure Evelyn was growing fond of him, only she is a proud little thing, and would never oppose such an idea emanating from him. He went to India, and she returned to her aunt on a generous allowance which he insisted on making her.'

'But did you not tell me the other day of Evelyn's estates in Hampshire? I imagined her all this time a wealthy widow.'

'Her money has only come to her within the last few years, my dear; it was left by a distant relative from whom she had no expectations. Yes, she is very rich, and in her present sorrowful position I should think she must deeply repent having married so hastily for the mere sake of convenience.'

'And if Major Strachan be as proud as herself,' said Miss Bulstrode, thoughtfully, 'her wealth must constitute a barrier between them; he might shrink from seeking a reconciliation now she is a woman of property.'

'He wrote to her at first,' said Mrs. Forrester, 'but she would not answer; she said she could not, and if he desired a seperation it had better be complete! So there has been silence between them for some time, and a great many people, like yourself, Miss Bulstrode, seem to look upon poor Evelyn as a widow.'

Mrs. Strachan, protesting as usual that she was tired, endeavored to avoid making one of the party for the Health Exhibition; but neither of the two cousins who were then at home could go to Kensington, having engagements elsewhere, and Mrs. Cleveland would not depart without the company of one of the girls.' So Evelyn, who had been through the place again and again, had to roam wearily from one department to another, till Mrs. Cleveland established herself with Miss Bulstrode for a cup of 'Ceylon tea,' and good natured Mr. Cleveland, who would infinitely have preferred his club and newspaper, endeavored to interest himself in what he supposed would give Evelyn pleasure, and bought her several pots of jam and a large parcel of sugared almonds. Thus laden Evelyn conducted the party by and by to Old London, which Mrs. Cleveland could never find alone; and Miss Bulstrode's wonder and admiration were intense as she watched the old printer at work, and listened to the chimes from the old church.

Then Miss Bulstrode must see the model convict, and they must have a vegetarian dinner, and Evelyn really must show Mrs. Bulstrode the cows and the funny little goats! Evelyn carried out all her aunt's behests, but Miss Bulstrode's affectionate solicitude about giving her so much trouble brought the dew for a moment to the brown eyes.

'You look so fagged, dear,' said Miss Bulstrode; 'I am shamed of taking you about like this.'

'Yes, the child is sadly pale,' said her uncle, 'but you have not done the work, Miss Bulstrode; she has lost her roses for many months.'

'The weather is tiring,' said Evelyn hastily. 'I shall be all right when we leave London for the sea.'

But as the evening wore on, and the lamps began to glisten across the grounds, and serpent like gleams wound about the trees, and the strains of music floated lightly from the band, Evelyn began to feel in real need of rest. The others wanted to go close to the illuminated fountain. Mr. Cleveland was required to find them a passage through the throng, but he did not like leaving his niece alone.

'Here is a sheltered seat,' he said reluctantly; 'wait here for us, Evelyn; we will return as soon as possible.'

But Mrs. Cleveland was determined to obtain the most desirable view of the fountain, and as the pressure was very great, (it being a *fete* evening,) and she was hard to please, Evelyn found her loneliness rather monotonous at last. The band was playing an air that had been very familiar to her when stationed at Woolwich with her husband; Evelyn's eyes were dim and wistful as she looked out to the sea of faces and felt herself unspeakably *alone*. Was he content, was he happy across the sea? he had loved her so dearly once; oh, if he only knew—

'But *he* proposed our separation,' said the voice of pride, 'and I will never, never write and ask for tidings of him, or take the first steps toward making up. If *he* cared for me, he could not, could not, could not stay away so long.

Just then a gentleman, strongly redolent of spirits, took the seat beside her and stared at her so fixedly that she rose with indignant pulses and moved slightly away; whether her uncle forgot the exact position of her seat, or whether the crowd surged between her and her friends when they again drew near to seek her, (and thus concealed her from view) is unknown, but 10 o'clock came, and Evelyn was still alone, growing terribly frightened and bewildered.

She started off to search for *them*, but every face she met was strange, and she thought with horror that the time was drawing near when she would be forced to leave the place and find her way back to Blackheath alone. Her return ticket for the District Railway was in her uncle's possession, and she could not take a cab to Charing Cross in the hope of meeting them there, for she had complained of a difficulty in finding her *pocket* in the folds of her new costume and her uncle had also taken charge of her *purse* for her. How was she to get home? She had a vague notion of selling her little gold brooch, (the only piece of jewelry she was wearing, except her wedding-ring), but who in the Exhibition would buy it, and how could she find courage to tell any one of her perplexity?

The crowd was rapidly thinning, and poor Evelyn, utterly bewildered by her position, seemed to lose her way about the place with which she had deemed herself so familiar.

'I do not think uncle would leave the place without me,' she said to herself at last; 'he must be waiting at the entrance; oh, I do hope we shall not lose our train home! If I can find the way out, perhaps we shall meet at the entrance.'

She was standing in a beautiful little nook of Doulton's, but she had no appreciation of art-pottery just then, and looked about anxiously for a policeman or some one to direct her. In desperation she had to put aside fears of apparent boldness, and seeing the back of a gentleman following the vanishing crowd, she approached him hastily, saying, 'Please, is this the right way to the entrance?'

He turned hurriedly and faced her; she uttered a sharp, faint cry, feeling as if she were in a dream. It *could not* be Guy, for he was in India!

'Are you alone here?' he asked, rather sternly, in the tones she knew so well. She never lifted her eyes to read the passionate love and yearning in the man's bronzed face.

'I have missed uncle and aunt,' she stammered; 'I want to find the way out. It can't—it can't be you.'

'I dare say I have changed for the worse,' he said, rather bitterly; 'I have had some sharp attacks of fever, and came home on Monday on sick leave. As it does not matter much where I bestow myself, I strolled in here; would you like to sit down?' he asked, with a sudden anxiety in his tone; for Evelyn was trembling from head to foot.

'No, I must find uncle,' she said; 'but I never knew—no one said you were ill—I thought you were in India.'

'I shall not trouble you,' he said, shortly; 'it will be the same to you as though I were across the sea. By the way, I have never congratulated you on your property; I am told it is a very fine estate.'

Evelyn said nothing, only glanced up once at the tall figure and the bright eyes looking away from hers.

'I see nothing of your uncle,' he said at the entrance; 'what are your wishes as to traveling?' 'What is your station?'

'Oh, I must find uncle,' she cried, hurriedly; 'he—he has my purse, and I have no money; surely he has not gone on to Charing Cross.'

'Can you walk to the District Railway?' he asked, offering his arm politely, as the crowd pressed against them. Evelyn put both her hands upon it, feeling that God had forgiven her at last—forgiven her passion and her unwieldy willfulness, and given her back her soldier just when her heart had been breaking for him.

'Are you very frightened of the crowds?' he asked presently; 'there is nothing to fear.'

'I know there isn't *now*,' she said, in a faint whisper that yet he heard.

'It is the strangest thing possible my being near in your perplexity,' he said presently; 'it seems as though a higher will than ours had drawn us together.'

His little hand crept up to his face in the darkness. 'What is the matter, Evelyn?' he asked, stooping down over her; 'what has come to my wife? Can it be that you have been as lovesick for your tyrant as I have been for mine?'

'My husband isn't a tyrant,' she said, with her face as close to his shoulder as the approaching lamp permitted; 'he is all I have; and, Guy—my darling! *don't leave me alone again.*'

* * * * * * *

Evelyn found her friends at Charing Cross, and heard to her surprise that they had traveled by the same District Railway train as herself.

'I wonder we did not meet before, she said, thinking with blushing cheeks of the ride she had from South Kensington with him whose arm was still linked in her own. 'Uncle, how could you leave the Exhibition when I was lost?'

'We *did* wait for you at the entrance,' said her uncle, with a twinkling eye; 'but we saw you coming along in Guy's keeping, and we hurried off as fast as possible.'

'Knowing,' whispered her husband, 'that you were *found*.'—(Selected.

HERO WORSHIP.

[Charles L. Hildreth.]

Idols of wood and stone, conquerors and kings—
Creatures of gilded dust with fest of clay,
See how the nations worship these vain things
A breath has made, a breath might sweep away.

Puppets, lost in the lustre of a crown,
Imperial but by irony of birth.
Unworthy heritors of old renown,
Yet more than gods to half the heedless earth.

Soldiers who leave posterity a name,
A statute in the shrine of fear and hate,
To nobler minds the synonyme of shame,
An effigy to scorn and execrate:

Leaders of state, coiners of ringing phrase,
Prating of common weal and patriotism,
Insatiate pensioners of public praise
Froth on the fickle tide of party schism.

To these the world bows down; the incense fumes;
Fame in her false and florid blazonry
Inscribes the legend of their deeds and dooms,
And credulous history repeats the lie.

But there are lofty spirits in disguise—
Heroes in common garb whose meek brows bear
The thorny crown of perfect sacrifice,
Whose simple souls are kingly unaware.

Lives to one sacred mission consecrate,
Of duty death alone can swerve them from,
All love that glorifies their lowly state,
Through fiery pangs of live-long martyrdom.

They tread with us the dusty paths of time,
Or lie in uncommemorative sod,
Unrecognised, unhonored, yet sublime,
Their greatness witnessed only by their God.

CARLYLE'S ISOLATION.

No wonder he thought himself the most solitary man in the world, and bewailed his loneliness continually. He was the most solitary. Of all the great men his race and country have produced, none perhaps were quite so isolated and set apart as he. None shared so little his hopes and aspirations of their countrymen, or were so little sustained by the spirit of their age. The literature, the religion, the science, the politics of his times, were alike hateful to him. His spirit was as lonely as a 'peak in Darien.' He felt himself on a narrow isthmus of time confronted by two eternities—the eternity past and the eternity to come. Dully and hourly he felt the abysmal solitude that surrounded him. Endowed with the richest fund of sympathy, and yet sympathizing with so little; burdened with solicitude for the public weal, and yet in no vital or intimate relation with the public he would he serve; deeply absorbed in social and political problems of his time, and yet able to arrive at no adequate practical solution of them; passionately religious, and yet repudiating all creeds and forms of worship; despising the old faiths and disgusted with the new; honoring science and acknowledging his debt to it, yet drawing back with horror from conclusions to which science seemed inevitably to lead; essentially a man of action, of deeds, of heroic fibre, yet forced to become a 'writer of books;' a democrat who denounced democracy; a radical man who despised radicalism; 'a Puritan without a creed.'

These things measure the depth of his sincerity; he had never lost heart or hope, though heart and hope had so little that was tangible to go upon. He had the piety and zeal of a religious devotee, without the devotee's comforting belief; the fiery earnestness of a reformer, without the reformer's definite aims; the spirit of science, without the scientific coolness and disinterestedness; the heart of a hero, without the hero's insensibilities; he had strugglings, wrestlings, agonisings, without any sense of victory; his foes were invisible and largely imaginary, but all the more terrible and unconquerable on that account. Verily was he lonely, heavy laden, and at best full of 'desperate hope.' His own work, which was accomplished with such pains and labor throes, gave him no satisfaction. When he was idle, his demon tormented him with the cry, 'Work, work!' and when he was toiling at his tasks, his obstructions, torpidities and dispiritments nearly crushed him.—(John Burroughs, in the Critic.)

THE LOCOMOTIVE AND THE DEER.

[Jacksonville (Fla.) Times.]

Yesterday morning as the first train out from the Ancient City on the Jacksonville, St. Augustine and Halifax River Railway was passing the hammock known as Twelve-Mile Swamp, a fine buck leaped upon the track about a hundred yards ahead of the engine and started down the track. Engineer Peeples saw him and gave him the route. Then he opened wide the valves and the race began. He then sent a man through the train to borrow a pistol with which to shoot the animal as soon as the engine should have come close enough for that purpose, but no pistol was found, and the engineer had to content himself with a dead run, and if the deer refused to clear the track to treat him like a cow and run him down.

For several miles the race was an interesting one, the train going at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour and slowly gaining on his buckship. As the train approached Sampson, about twenty miles from this city, when it was within a few feet of the deer, he leaped from the track and made off into the dense forest.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

"HAIL COLUMBIA."

BY W. S. HARRIS.

Little Jimmie Andrews was one of the prettiest and most cunning little boys that ever went to school in the old brown schoolhouse on the top of Windy Hill.

All the scholars thought—and with good reason, too,—that he was a remarkably smart and interesting fellow, and he was quite a favorite with the larger scholars. Every two weeks when 'speaking day' came round, he would speak the funniest pieces you ever heard, about frogs and grasshoppers and all sorts of queer little creatures, and such a droll way he had of making a bow!

But I must tell you of a laughable mistake that little Jimmie made one day, that pleased the scholars greatly.

One summer when Jimmie was in the primer class, his teacher took great interest in the class and taught them many interesting things which they could not learn from their books. One thing she taught them was the name of the man who discovered this new world, America, where we live;—who came across the ocean and found this western continent four hundred years ago, when nobody but Indians knew it was here.

Well, one day the teacher asked the class the usual questions, and one was "Who discovered America?" Now how many of my young readers know? I suppose you all do. But this little primer class didn't know,—at least, they couldn't think of the long name—Christopher Columbus—just then. So at first no one said anything. But in a moment or two Jimmie spoke up quickly and confidently, as he had thought of the right answer if none of the others did know,—and this is the answer he gave: "*Hail Columbia!*"

Well, the teacher *did* smile, and in a minute Jimmie saw what a funny mistake he had made, and then he knew what made the larger scholars laugh so.

Jimmie is older now, and wiser. I don't know but that he can even name all the Presidents of the United States, and all the States in the Union. How many little boys can do that?

Domestic Economy.

CURING MEATS AT HOME.

(New York Herald.)

The season most favorable to the curing of hams, bacon, etc., has begun. As extremes of cold are not good for meat that has to be salted—the outer surface being frozen prevents the salt penetrating—therefore when it thaw sets in the meat, even in pickle, is not so good as it might be. Animals therefore killed in very cold weather and intended for home curing should be cut up and have the salt applied before the natural heat has entirely subsided.

Sugar will preserve meat almost if not quite as well as salt, and what is known to some housekeepers as 'sweet salting,' is an admixture of sugar and salt. Saltpetre hardens meat, but gives to hams the bright red color so much liked, and is therefore almost invariably used for them.

All sorts of vessels are used by housewives for salting—stone, wood, earthenware, stone chins, etc., and for small quantities, such as a single ham or tongue, pans are sold on purpose. Old fashioned salting tubs were often lined with lead to prevent the salt soaking through; but this was always considered dangerous, as it was likely to be acted upon by the brine and therefore affect the meat. Glazed earthenware is sometimes objected to on the same grounds, but, as a matter of fact, the glaze is now so good that it takes very strong chemicals indeed to act on it. Whatever the vessel, it should be protected by a wooden lid, to keep the brine free from dust, also to exclude flies, which will sometimes attack the meat in spite of salt.

Meat brought in for salting should be carefully freed from everything unwholesome—such as blood, veins, etc.—and if pork, it should be thoroughly examined for what old housekeepers call 'kernels,' these being little hard lumps which sometimes appear here and there from various causes, a bruise while the animal is alive causing for one thing. These must be all removed with a knife, and the cavities filled with salt.

Pork should always be laid in salt with the rind downward, and, if many pieces are lying on each other, they should be reversed every day if the weather be at all close, the upper being put at the bottom and, vice versa.

There are two methods of salting meat in general use, dry salting and pickling. In the former the joints are kept covered in dry salt, any brine that may arise being poured off at once; in the latter the meat is immersed in brine from the first. From ten days to a fortnight is the usual time to allow for salting, ten days being quite sufficient where the pieces are small; if pork, it is us